The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The September Bookman will be a special Colonial Number, and will contain an article on the literature of the Colonies and of India. It will deal more especially with the work of living authors, and will be illustrated with numerous portraits.

On another page we announce the result of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Thousand Pound Prize Novel Competition.

Miss Rose Macaulay, the winner of the First Prize of £600 in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition, is the daughter of Mr. G. C. Macaulay, Lecturer in English at Cambridge University, author of the volume on "James Thomson" in the English Men of Letters series, of a critical study on Francis Beaumont, and editor of many books. Miss Macaulay has been writing stories ever since she was a child; she was brought up partly in Italy, memories of which country play their part in certain of her romances. Her first novel, "Abbot's Verney," was written in 1906, and since then she has published four others, "The Furnace," "The Secret River," "The Valley Captives," and this year "Views and Vagabonds." She began to write "The Lee Shore," the novel that has won the £600 prize, some little while ago, but put it aside when she had done about a third of it and went on with other work. When she saw the £1,000 Novel Competition announced and decided to enter for it, she purposed submitting "Views and Vagabonds," but finding she had still plenty of time to spare altered her mind, took up the unfinished novel, "The Lee Shore," revised what was already written of it, brought it to completion and sent that in instead.

Mr. David Hennessey, winner of the Second Prize in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition, is a well-known Australian author and journalist. He was Organising Secretary

in Sydney for both the Inauguration of the Commonwealth in 1901, and for the Royal Reception in the same year. His prize novel, "An Australian Outlaw," is the first novel he has published since that date, for in these last ten years he has been travelling about the world—spending some little of the time in London—doing miscellaneous journalistic work and collecting materials. Among other books that he has published are "A Lost Identity," "An Australian Bush Track," "Wynnum," and "The Dishonourable"—the two last of which reached a sale of some thirty thousand copies.

Miss D. C. F. Harding,
whose new novel, "Affairs of Men" (Jong Long), is reviewed on page 218.

"Yarns and Talks," is the title of a new collection of essays and tales by Mr. Bart Kennedy that is to be published this autumn by Mr. Stephen Swift.

Mr. Andrew Melrose has just published "The Norse King's Bridal," a new book of translations from the Danish and Old Norse with original ballads, by Miss E. M. Smith-Dampier. Her earlier volume of such ballads and translations attracted much attention and was warmly praised by Mr. Andrew Lang. Miss Smith-Dampier has also written a novel, "Oil of Spikenard," which was very successful with both critics and public.

Mrs. R. S. Garnett,
whose new novel, "Amor Vincit," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

People are asking "Who is Dan Chaucer?" author of "The Simple Life Limited," whose brilliant new satirical novel, "The New Humpty Dumpty," has just been published by Mr. John Lane. Well, we would like to disclose the secret, but Mr. Dan Chaucer says we must not. He says there is nothing interesting in his personality beyond the fact that he is partial to toast and bananas; and that as for his personal appearance, if you go to Maidstone on a market day and photograph the first farmer you meet, so long as he has not side-whiskers, you will have a pretty accurate portrait of him. Personally,

Photo by Violet K. Blaiklock.
Miss E. M. Smith-Dampier.

we should not have described Mr. Chaucer as looking at all like that, but as that is what he thinks he looks like we can only set it down.

Messrs. Longmans have recently published an Anthology of Welsh poetry done into English verse by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves. This is the first serious attempt that has been made at an anthology of Welsh verse, old and new, in English verse form, and we hope to have something further to say of it next month.

Mr. G. B. Burgin has a new novel coming out with Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn. It is a story of literary and journalistic life in London, embodying some of Mr. Burgin's personal experiences, and certain well-known living authors have unconsciously sat as models for some of its characters.

Miss Frances G. Knowles-Foster, who had a considerable success with her first novel, "Jehanne of the Golden Lips," has lately published a second, "The Written Law," both books being issued by Messrs. Mills & Boon. The first story had for its heroine the famous mediæval Mary Stuart of Naples; the second is a travel book and an exciting novel in one, and deals with the difficult problem of the marriage of white men with native women as it applies to Burmah. Miss Knowles-Foster has made a very earnest study of this question, and the Law she elaborates offers a new solution to it, and has aroused keen interest in political circles in the East. The *Rangoon Gazette* thinks the story may prove "much more effectual for its purpose than a complete file of the Confidential Circulars which the various Chief Secretaries have hitherto sent out."

Photo by Sarony & Co. **Miss Knowles-Foster.**

In spite of her youth, Miss Knowles-Foster has found time to explore many lands, and has travelled through Europe, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Ceylon and India. When making studies for the Burmese book she went with her mother on a cargo boat a thousand miles up the Irawadi to the Chinese frontier; and she vehemently repudiates the name of globe-trotter, describing herself as a leisurely world-walker and sailor in search of matters of artistic interest. When on her travels she has had many romantic and stirring adventures and some hair-breadth escapes from violent ends. She always wears a weird, but beautiful, gold and pearl Persian pendant-charm, that was given to her as a talisman against accidents; and so far it seems to have fulfilled its function very thoroughly. Miss Knowles-Foster's home is in Yorkshire, where her ancestors

Miss Beatrice Irwin,
who recently recited selections from her poems, "The Pagan Trinity," (John Lane) at Crosby Hall.

have lived for a thousand years, and when she is not roaming abroad in search of "copy" she amuses herself there with her books, is busy writing in her wonderful museum-like room full of curios, or in adding some new language to the five she already speaks. Before the two novels, she wrote when she was sixteen a little historical tale of Mother Shipton, "The Witch of Knaresboro'," and although she protests that this cannot be really considered a book, it continues to have a large local sale. She has also written stories, travel articles, and reviews of history and fiction for the magazines, and occasionally a ballad of old times in the North Countree.

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. Andrew Lang, which took place early in the morning of the

Miss Helen C. Roberts,
whose novel, "Old Brent's Daughter," was recently published by Messrs. Duckworth.

21st of last month. We hope to make further reference to Mr. Lang and his work in our next number.

A St. Andrews resident writes and asks us to find space for this "poor tribute to one so much loved":

"The world is a much poorer place to-day by the passing away of Mr. Andrew Lang, and his many friends and admirers are very sorrowful people. His praises are being sung in every form of writing by able pens, and we are told of his great powers, his astonishing versatility, his unceasing work and extraordinary memory. We know them all, but here, in St. Andrews, the 'little city old and grey,' which has delighted to honour him, as he loved and honoured it, we also have known his genuine goodness (his friends speak of his 'heart of gold') and his unfailing kindliness for all, especially any smaller brethren treading the path of letters, to whom he could lend a willing, helping hand. Also his charity and sympathy with bad health and trouble; only conceit, he could not suffer gladly. Now the busy pen is laid aside, the capable brain is at rest forever, and the picturesque, noticeable figure will never again be seen in the quiet

Photo by Miles & Kaye. **Morice Gerard**
(The Rev. John Jessop Teague),
whose new novel, "Crenland Castle," was recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in the Costume of a Marshal's man at the Elizabeth Triumph, Shakespeare's England, on July 11th.
Mr. Jackson's new book of essays, "All Manner of Folk," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

old streets, on his way to and from the University Library, on most winter afternoons.

"Before these lines are read he will be laid to rest under the shadow of the ruined towers he knew and loved so well, and it will have been the sad privilege of those who prized his friendship as a dear possession to stand in the group of mourners at his grave—mourners in every sense of the word, and sincere sympathizers with his wife and helpmate, whom he leaves behind.

"That group, to be really representative, should contain old and young, for he loved children, and animals too. He has been known to take home stray dogs and cats and feed and house them, and many a copper has been popped into ragged little urchins' hands by the kind-hearted poet-author."

"Broken Ladders," the new novel by Mr. Andrew Soutar that is published by Messrs. Cassell, has a political setting, but is essentially a domestic story, its purpose being to show how deeply a well-bred woman can be made to suffer by a husband of superficial genius—a Labour leader who has risen from the people but lacks the strength of character to combat criticism. Mr. Soutar has travelled a good deal in the Far East, and when he was out there wrote his Indian story, "The Chosen of the Gods;" but it is the domestic tale that appeals to him in particular. His first story was published by Clement Scott, who wrote him a kindly letter of encouragement, and incidentally advised him that the British reading public has a rooted prejudice in favour of the happy ending, no matter how unreal it may be. That was fifteen years ago, but Mr. Soutar declares that he is as young now as he was then, and that, moreover, he will never grow old, because when he lays down his pen he also lays down his work, and thinks no more of it until he returns to his table. He is not a faddist, he says, in the way of only being able to write in a sealed room; he writes all the better when a noise is going on about him. He has never burnt the midnight oil, frequently goes to bed as early as 8.30, writes only when the spirit moves him, and never after dinner. Whenever writing palls upon him, he turns to ball-punching, boxing, golf, or motoring. Boxing, he confesses, interests him more than any other sport, and if a big contest is taking place at the National Sporting Club he is generally to be found there. Nowadays, Mr. Soutar writes in this country exclusively for the magazines edited by Mr. Newman Flower; but he has a large following in America, where a series of his stories is at present running in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Photo by Pym, Streatham. **Mr. Andrew Soutar.**

Joan Maude.

Frontispiece portrait from her book, "Behind the Nightlight" (John Murray), which was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

In a scene of remarkable interest and picturesqueness the striking monument which Bohemia has erected to its greatest historian was unveiled at Prague on the 1st of July, the picturesqueness being heightened by the fact that the unveiling was one of the culminating scenes that marked the sixth Universal Sokol Congress organised by the Bohemian Sokol Union. It was only fitting that the honour paid to Francis Palacky should have been tendered in the jubilee year of the Sokols, for the influence of the historian, with his passionate devotion to the national idea, may be traced in the establishing, by Dr. Tyrs, of the first Sokol Society in 1862. The Sokol movement—at once the most remarkable patriotic, and the most remarkable gymnastic, organisation in the world—has grown until now the Slav Union of Sokol Societies numbers 200,000 members; and there were grouped about the base of Mr. Sucharda's grand piece of sculpture notable representatives of all the Slavic peoples — Bohemian, Moravian, Polish, Croatian, Servian, Russian, Bulgarian, Montenegran — besides guests from England, France, and elsewhere, while massed around in the square were thousands of Bohemians and others.

Francis Palacky.
The central figure from the Memorial recently unveiled at Prague.

Francis Palacky, whom all had gathered to honour, is an historian little known to the generality of English readers, as his writings are only obtainable in Bohemian or German; it is interesting to learn, however, that he had a thorough knowledge of English, and numbered Gibbon's "Rome" and Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Study and Use of History" among his favourite books. The son of a Moravian schoolmaster, Palacky, who was born in 1798, came, as author of the "History of Bohemia," to be recognised before his death, in 1876, as "the foremost man of his nation." It is not easy, says Count Lutzow, in his "History of Bohemian Literature," to define the circumstances that rendered the publication of Palacky's monumental work a political event in Bohemia, contributing greatly to the revival of national feeling. These circumstances are briefly indicated as the revelation of a glorious past to a people whose sense of nationality had been almost obliterated by oppression. Palacky revealed, as it were, an inspiring palimpsest, the lesson of which fired his compatriots with the idea that what had been might be again. Those who were present at the unveiling of the magnificent monument, and the celebrations on the banks of the Ultava, can alone realize how inspiring that idea has been.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S £1,000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

First Prize, £600. THE LEE SHORE, by R. MACAULAY.

Second Prize, £400. THE OUTLAW, by DAVID HENNESSEY.

Report of the Adjudicators, MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN, SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, and MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

We award the Two Prizes in Hodder & Stoughton's Prize Novel Competition to Miss R. Macaulay, of Southernwood, Great Shelford, Cambridge, author of "The Lee Shore," and to Mr. David Hennessey, of 97, Bridge Road, Richmond, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, author of "The Outlaw."

"THE LEE SHORE"

is above all things an unusual novel. It does not belong to the category of made books manufactured on conventional lines. The author has a real understanding of life and a nameless "something" in her outlook not given to everyone who writes a good

Photo by Gyde, Aberystwyth. **Miss R. Macaulay,**
Winner of the First Prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's £1000 Prize Novel Competition.

and well-constructed novel. The characterisation is admirable, the characters linger in the memory. Peter, the hero, is most lovable and convincing. In grasp, in meaning, in charm of feeling and expression and in humour "The Lee Shore" is easily first among the Competition Novels. It is sure of many admirers and friends. Miss Beatrice Harraden writes: "In my opinion this book is immeasurably ahead of all the others."

"THE OUTLAW"

is as good an adventure story as has been written for years. It is genuinely interesting and exciting, an excellent, straightforward piece of narrative, told with admirable dramatic force and certainly the best bush-ranging novel since "Robbery Under Arms."

We have no hesitation in saying that the Competition has proved an unqualified success. The interest taken in it has been keen and widespread, and the hundreds of manuscripts submitted have involved an amount of care and labour beyond anything that had been anticipated. MSS. have come not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but from Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other of the Colonies, and from India. It was found necessary to engage a large and competent staff of readers to give every novel received adequate attention; each novel was read by more than one of them, many of the novels were read and fully reported upon by six different readers and, as may be imagined, all this painstaking consideration and sifting of the good from the bad, and the better from the good meant a great deal of conscientious labour extending over more than two months before a selection of all the best

Photo by Fack Studios, Melbourne. **David Hennessey,**
Winner of the Second Prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's £1000 Prize Novel Competition.

work was ready to be submitted to a final decision of the three judges.

Not a few among the remaining novels are of high literary merit, and are sure to find their way into print.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1st to September 1st, 1912.

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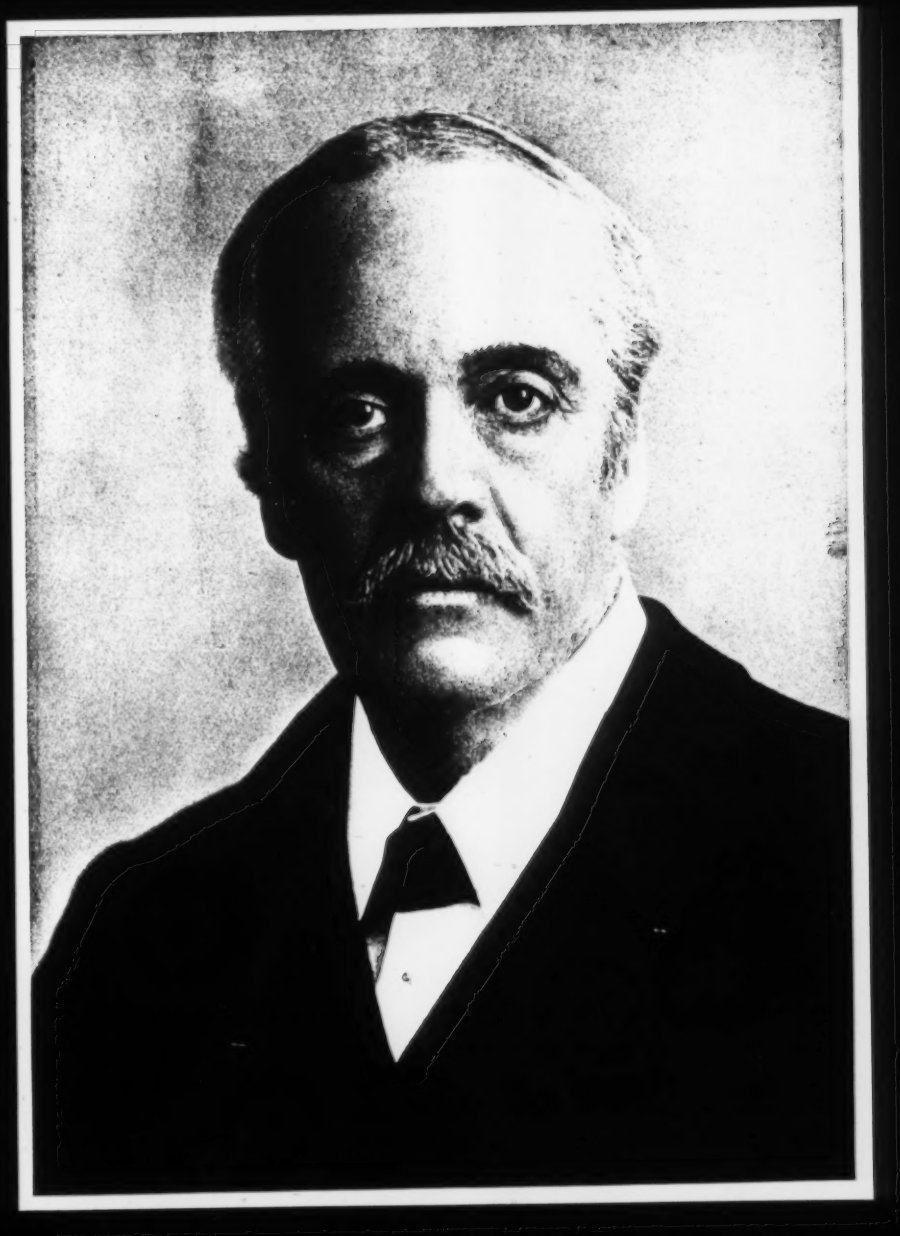


THE READER.

MR. BALFOUR AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By James Moffatt, D.D., D.Lit.

AS a man of letters? Well, the "English Men of Letters" Series has not a place for Marlowe yet, but it has thrown its line over Hume and Adam Smith. Here is the shred of a precedent, if a precedent is required, for writing an article upon Mr. Balfour which is mainly interested in him from the point of view of literature, not of politics or philosophy. The real difficulty is not precedents but materials. It is more than forty years since Mr. Frederic Harrison turned the searchlight of the *Fortnightly* upon the cleverness and snobbishness of "Lothair." It is seventeen years since he criticised the "Foundations of Belief," but in the later Conservative leader it was philosophic misdeeds and not literary defects which moved him to indignation. As a novel, "Lothair" was witty in itself, and the cause of wit in others. It struck out Bret Harte's brilliant parody as well as Mr. Harrison's article on "The Romance of the Peerage," and although the latter began with the stinging comment that "the literary qualities of the book need detain no man. Premiers not uncommonly write sad stuff; and we should be thankful if the stuff be amusing," the critic's sense of justice led him in the next paragraph to recognize the literary merits of the story before satirising its social and political tone. Mr. Balfour has written several books, but they are not like Disraeli's novels. They are not even about literature. It is almost as difficult to ascertain his literary interests and quality from what he has published as it was for Tariff Reformers and Free Traders during his last Parliament to discover his exact whereabouts on the misty seas of high finance. With this difference, however, that his elusiveness as a man of letters is not tactical; it is due to the fact that his main interests lie, intellectually, in philosophy, from Bacon to Bergson. Only now and then, in some address or casual reference, is it possible for his readers to perceive his literary bearings through the atmosphere of mental distinction which characterizes his pages in Hansard or out of it. He is not a man of letters as Lord Rosebery is, for example, or Lord Morley, or Mr. Wyndham, or Mr. Birrell.

There is an odd illustration of this in the second chapter of "The Foundations of Belief," where he has to discuss the sources of æsthetic pleasure. He gives literature the go-by and chooses to argue the question from music, "partly because, unlike Architecture, it serves no very obvious purpose, and we are thus absolved from giving any opinion on the relation between beauty and utility; partly because, unlike Painting and Poetry, it has no external reference, and we are thus absolved from giving any opinion on the relation between beauty and truth. Of the inestimable blessings which these peculiarities carry with them, anyone may judge who has ever got bogged in the barren controversies concerning the Beautiful and the Useful, the Real and the Ideal, which fill so large a space in certain classes of æsthetic literature. Great indeed will he feel the advantages to be of dealing with an art whose most characteristic utterances have so little directly to do either with utility or truth." We need not discuss how far this view of music would satisfy recent critics and composers. The point is that the line of argument taken here is not one which would have occurred naturally to a genuine man of letters. He would have risked the bog.

But although literature occupies an incidental place in the output, and even in the interests, of Mr. Balfour, he has, of course, been obliged now and then to define his position to it, as a branch of culture. We can see where he stands in one or two of the controversies which are always with us in the land of books. For example, to take one of the least technical, it is a supreme function of literature, according to Mr. Balfour, to cheer us up. "I do not at all deny, of course, that things sad, sorrowful, tragic, even drab, may be and are susceptible of artistic treatment . . . but for my own part I prefer more cheerful weather. Everything, after all, which is real, is a potential subject of literature as long as it is treated sincerely, as long as it is treated directly; as long as it is an immediate experience, no man has the right to complain of it. But it is not what I ask of literature. What I ask from literature mainly is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in literature something which represents life, which is true, in the highest sense of truth, to what is or

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.**

is imagined to be true, but which does cheer us." This is a preference in which he has many stout allies. Sir Henry Taylor and Walt Whitman were poles apart in poetry, but they agreed that this was the chief end of verse. Schopenhauer was not a politician who needed refreshment for the intellect after a Commons debate, but he declared acidly that high culture leads us to seek entertainment almost entirely from books and not from human beings. Even Matthew Arnold held the same view—"The life of the people is such that in literature they require joy." The cheerful note has often been in demand, and in these days when History is raising the tariff against Literature and even Fiction tends in various hands to become utilitarian, it is not the hour to cavil at anyone who believes in literature, were it only because he desires a place for bright pieces on her programme. But literature is surely more than a source of refreshment and exhilaration. If you ask that of it, even "mainly," you are apt to associate it with your jaded moments or with some special form which is soothing and amusing rather than notable. Most of us have had times when, like Thackeray, we have "read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. . . . Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares; no remorse about idleness; no visitors; and the 'Woman in White' or the 'Chevalier d'Artagnan' to tell me stories from dawn to night." This is where Mr. Balfour's preferences would land many people, I am afraid, who would not realize, as he does, that fiction is a very minor part of the literature which forms our ozone. And even when we take his preference in a guarded sense, it requires some definition. Where, for example, would Ibsen come in? He does not cheer us. But he is literature because he does something else, which is equally vital. Obviously it would be a mistake to construct a criterion of literary excellence out of books which appeal to you on holiday or in bed or after the day's work has left your brain too tired for any pages that will prod the mind.

No. 10, Downing Street, the house always occupied by the Premier.

"For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

There is a large place in literature for these stories, and they need not be "sad" stuff, in the uncomplimentary sense of Mr. Harrison. Was it not FitzGerald who spent a bright summer morning over Tacitus' account of Nero? Which proves that FitzGerald was a true bookman, and that he knew, like a literary epicure, how to secure the proper relish for sad stories. I was "lying," he remarks drily, "at full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eying the sun manfully not far off." That would be nearly as comfortable as lying in bed, and yet it is not incompatible with the enjoyment of books which cannot be called "amusing."

But the pleasure-giving qualities of literature have always appealed with curious force to Mr. Balfour. When he went to address the St. Andrews University students, he took the opportunity of crossing swords with Mr. Frederic Harrison on this very point. He refused to deplore what Mr. Harrison had severely called "this sewage

Photo by J. Valentine, Dundee.

Whittingehame House, Mr. Balfour's residence at Prestonkirk, N.B.

out-fall" of modern fiction, and he protested against the Spartan and rather superior discipline which the "Choice of Books" attempts to lay upon the necks of modern readers. "I am deliberately of opinion," he declared, "that it is the pleasures and not the spiritual or temporal profits of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader." Again, the anti-utilitarian spirit of this protest is to be welcomed. "Why should not reading be desultory sometimes? Is there any law against indulgence in a literary saunter? Must you never read a book unless you mean to read every word? He has only half learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and skimming?" Besides pleading for this freedom from the law of serious purpose in reading, Mr. Balfour claimed that books were meant to satisfy the demands of rational curiosity, and that even the desire to know something about any subject—which is usually all that most of us can hope to know, in the majority of cases—is a legitimate motive for reading. The publishers of shilling textbooks to-day were justified years ago by Mr. Balfour. He met by anticipation the charge that little manuals necessarily encouraged a taste for smattering, the charge which Pope voiced in the lines:

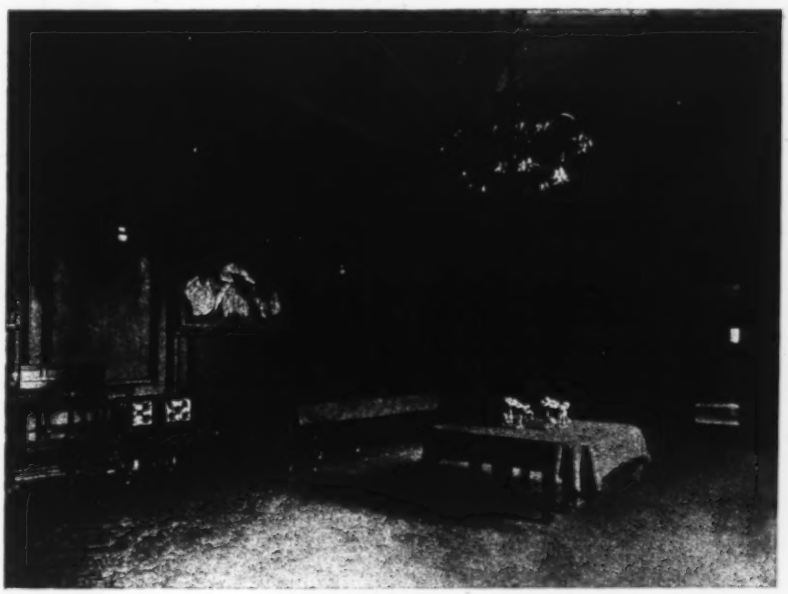
> "A little learning is a dangerous thing:
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Well, a little learning is only dangerous when it does not know it is little. And who was Pope to throw a stone like this?—"Pope, who with the most imperfect knowledge of Greek translated Homer, with the most imperfect knowledge of the Elizabethan drama edited Shakespeare, and with the most imperfect knowledge of philosophy wrote the Essay on Man."

Literary allusions are rare in Mr. Balfour's pages, even when he is writing upon literature, and one is tempted to infer from this glance at Pope that the author's chief

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.** **(May, 1889.)**

period in English literature is the eighteenth century. This is the impression left on my mind by his books. He does admit somewhere that the middle third of the nineteenth century has not much attraction for him; "I turn with pleasure from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley." But I have the feeling, though I cannot bring forward chapter and verse in support of it, that he turns often further back still in English literature, and that his excursions for pleasure in the field of books bring him into the curiously large company of those who haunt the age of Johnson, Swift, Walpole, and Addison. His interest in Berkeley is well-known. It is a philosophical predilection rather than a literary; still, it serves to corroborate the hypothesis which I have just suggested. In that case, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Harrison would be found for once on the same side, interested in an age which, as the latter said, did not do well in verse, though it produced prose which "ever tended to rise into poetry." This is only true of certain sections in the eighteenth century prose. Its



No. 10, Downing Street. Dining Hall known as Pitt's Dining Room.

This is one of the finest apartments in the house. It was built by the great Prime Minister whose name it bears. The table used when the Ministerial dinners take place here is the telescopic one which is seen drawn up against the wall. The room is shown as it was when Mr. Balfour was at Downing Street—he possesses two of the Burne-Jones "Perseus" series, one of which is seen on the wall.

No. 10, Downing Street. The room that Mr. Balfour used as study and music room.

No. 10, Downing Street. The room in which Cabinet meetings are frequently held.

No. 10, Downing Street. The drawing room, or chief reception room, where hang portraits of the First Lords of the Treasury.

qualities of ease and level wit, at any rate, are those of which we are most reminded in Mr. Balfour's own style, not so much in his two large books on philosophy as in his numerous pamphlets, ranging from music to matter, from politics to religion. Huxley, who knew good English when he saw it, once praised the charm of his style, "which flows like a smooth stream, sparkling with wit and rippling with sarcasms enough to take away any reproach of monotony." He may have won this charm before he turned from Thackeray; but if he did not, it shows distinct affinities with the prose of the great essayists in the eighteenth century.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.**

Upon the whole, however, Mr. Balfour cannot be called a man of letters in the strict sense of the term, not even in the sense in which that flexible title could be applied to his hero Bishop Berkeley. He has rarely given himself to literary subjects, and when he has handled them it has been with a general or philosophic air. As for literary allusions and quotations, he appears to avoid them almost as much as D'Artagnan fought shy of classical references in conversation; the sound of them meant something other than business to the musketeer, and the philosopher or politician seems able to make his points without their aid; he prefers the unaffected, unadorned style which misses the virtue of suggestiveness but manages to be as lucid as the writer means to be, or as the subject permits. Mr. Balfour does not often touch on literature, and when he does it is with a detached spirit, as if he were pre-occupied with subjects which are more serious. His style, in this respect, is characteristic of his mental attitude. But it would be ungrateful to close this article without recalling how, in the true vein of a man of letters, he protested the other day, at the Royal Literary Fund dinner, against the tendency to find sociological causes for literature. His speech belonged to those able improvisations which often fail to win credit for their occasional flashes of penetration, just on account of their apparent carelessness of form. In one of these casual flashes he said he was reluctant to see literature treated in too scientific a spirit. "I think that science in dealing with this free progress of the human spirit is really going far beyond—I will not say its future capacity, for I do not wish to set bounds to the power of science—but far beyond anything which it can do at present." He added: "The pleasures I derive personally from literary history are biographical." These are characteristic and timely words. Apparently, when Mr. Balfour turns to literature it is personality which he desires to trace, not any evolution of principles or forces. The latter interest him in philosophy and science, but he is alive to the incalculable fact of individual genius in literature, which is not to be melted down into the sociological currents of an age. This is good philosophy, in spite of Taine and his school, and Mr. Balfour's appreciation of it shows that his scientific prepossessions have not warped his sense of what is vital after all and above all in literature.

No. 10, Downing Street. The Garden, on the site of the Royal Cockpit.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric. *Note:* Several Colonial readers have written asking us to give more time for sending in papers for this Competition. As we cannot well do that, we announce now that we shall next month and again in the October Number offer further prizes of One Guinea each for the best original Lyric. This will give our Colonial readers the opportunity they ask for.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most appropriate quotation from English literature to be placed on the Memorial of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—Of the large number of Rondeaus sent in for this Competition the majority have been rather disappointing. Some Competitors have sent good verse that bears no resemblance to the Rondeau; some have sent Rondeaus that are not good verse. We publish a few of the best and award the PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to Miss E. F. PARR, of 12, Worcester Terrace, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

RONDEAU.

"Yea, verily, I loved thee once, Atthis, once long time ago."
SAPPHO.

I loved you once, long time ago,
In youth, when gods their gifts bestow,
We two set forth new paths to tread
Towards the sunset's flaming red,
With dancing feet and hearts aglow.

Hushed is the music, soft and low,
Which through our dreams was wont to flow,
In silence now we meet . . . 'tis said
I loved you once!

No more for us the spring winds blow,
On misty hills soft falls the snow,
The trees are bare, the rose is dead,
The spirit of romance has fled . . .
Yet, 'tis a solace, dear, to know
I loved you once.

We select for printing:

RONDEAU.

(SWINBURNE'S MODEL.)

Goodbye, Jehane, from love of you I pray
That never, never, may you feel such pain
As I am feeling now when I must say
Goodbye, Jehane.

Yet, if in years to come you should again
Return to me, though every hair be grey
And my poor broken life be on the wane,

Still shall you find me, as when yesterday
In young-love wise your cheek to mine was lain,
And you shall dream I said to you in play,
"Goodbye, Jehane."

(Norman Davidge Gullick, Wallingbrook School, Chulmleigh, North Devon.)

RONDEAU.

My spinning-girl no distaff plies,
'Neath her light foot no treadle flies,
But in her sunny garden close
'Mid roses white, herself a rose,
She spins until the daylight dies.

She takes the blue of Summer skies
She knows wherein the magic lies
Of floating cloud, and wind that blows—
My spinning-girl.

Each russet leaf, each bird that flies,
Her radiant fancy doth dispose
To deck her spinning—music flows
From her sweet lips. With lore-lit eyes
She weaves a story, sweet and wise,
My spinning-girl.

(A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, 49, Oxford Gardens, Ladbroke Grove, W.)

The Tennis Court, where greenly grows
The grass, as anybody knows,
Is just the place to introduce
A maid and man without excuse,
And there I met—well, call her "Rose."

And through the Summer when we chose,
We often, as you might suppose,
Put to a very proper use
The Tennis Court.

The season drew towards a close;
Summer began to take a doze:
And when with racket and the Deuce
We made a temporary truce,
We were another pair of those—
The Tennis Caught.

(M. Thorpe, "Trevone," 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

RONDEAU.

Thou art so fair that all the morning air
Is filled with voices, singing praise of thee;
And only I am silent, for I dare
Not praise thy grace of form and beauty rare,
Lest in the song my hidden heart thou see.

And seeing, trill thy silver laugh of glee
At my long sheltered love at last laid bare.
For kind of heart thou hast not need to be
Thou art so fair.

How couldst thou have for my poor heart a care,
Who from thy lovers' bows most swiftly flee,
Leaving them, worn and weary, to despair,
Their fullest homage given uselessly.
Alas! thy beauty needs no praise of me,
Thou art so fair.

(Mona Garrod Turner, Gazebo, Walberswick, Southwold.)

YOU CAME TO ME.

You came to me when skies were grey,
When ev'ry bird had hushed its lay;
Your tender tones, your winsome guise
Made me forget the leaden skies,
And hours bereft of warblings gay.

E'en fears that made my heart their prey,
Your gentle presence charmed away:
With Love's effulgence in your eyes—
You came to me.

"God guard you, dearest, now and aye!"
At night and morn I fondly say.
You led me to Love's paradise,
Where hand in hand, more pure and wise,
I walk with you, and bless the day
You came to me.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

And we specially commend the Rondeaus received from D. M. J. James (Huntly), Alice Grant Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Joseph Barrow (Morpeth), Bernard Delorme (Canonbury), Mary Allan (Kilbarchan), R. S. Pollard (Longsight), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Mrs. Bond (Pinner), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Rose E. Sharland (Bristol), Thomas Hutchinson (Morpeth), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. Cornell (Upper Norwood), M. Thorpe (Catford), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Theodore Maynard (London, W.), Elizabeth A. Bielby (Hull), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Arthur M. Berry (Luton), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Robert White, Jun. (Edinburgh), Edmund Howard (Putney), E. M. Lindsay (Ealing), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley), G. Pickering (Hull), E. W. Priest (Norwich), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Annie Hampton (St. Helens), Eric Trayler Cook (London, N.), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), Margery Finch (Portsmouth), Cynthia Wontner (St. Leonards), Violet Pascoe Williams (Blackheath), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), Edward Ward (South Shields), Annie C. Reay (Canterbury), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Maude Collett (Wimbledon), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Miss B. Vickery (Bradford), Miss G. Hennings (St. Albans), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), M. A. Molyneux (St. Albans), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), John V. Shanks (Aberdeen), Tom Sefton (Bolton), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Miss Poole (Canterbury), A. H. Scales (Paddington), Miss Creighton (St. Helens), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), Anita Lea (Liverpool).

4, Carlton Gardens, Mr. Balfour's London Residence.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Queen's Road, Basingstoke, for the following:

THE ORDINARY MAN AND THE EXTRAORDINARY THING. BY HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"He never used a big, big D."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore.*

We also print:

MISS BRADDON. BY CLIVE HOLLAND.
"Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale."
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello* V. i.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)

OH! MY UNCLE. BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Swift.)
"My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray."
O. W. HOLMES—*My Aunt.*

(Charles Powell, "Dovedale," Victoria Park, Manchester.)

THE ORDINARY MAN AND THE EXTRAORDINARY THING. BY HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench."
SHAKESPEARE—*Richard II.*

(Ernest S. Heron, 13, Grange Road, Chester.)

THE GOOD GIRL. BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN. (Constable.)
"Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie."
CHAUCER—*The Knightes Tale.*

(Mary Beale, 16, Stafford Road, Croydon.)

A CANDIDATE FOR TRUTH. BY J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
"Politics we bar."
W. S. GILBERT—"*Princess Ida.*"

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants).

THE MOON ENDURETH.
BY JOHN BUCHAN. (Blackwood.)
"This requires some little reflection."
EDWARD LEAR—*The Duck and the Kangaroo.*

(Miss M. K. Perkins, 24, Claremont Road, Highgate, N.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four or six lines of verse on Johnson's dictum that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money" is awarded to Mr. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, of 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

When Johnson penned these lines on pelf
He forged a dart to wound himself,
For he who writes gross gold to get
Has missed a nobler mark, and yet
The scribe who does not write to make it,
Would be a blockhead not to take it.

Good replies have also been received from E. Hunt (North Cornwall), R. S. Pollard (Longsight), Miss E.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.
From a painting by Sydney Hodges, presented to the Constitutional Club (Northumberland Avenue) in 1894.
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Adams (Whitchurch), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Herbert Hodder (Kingston-on-Thames), H. W. Walker (Beeston), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mrs. E. M. Knight (Rushden), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Maurice Frank (Stockwell), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Kitty L. Lyon (Wimbledon), E. J. Thomas (Bristol), Joseph Barrow (Morpeth), E. J. Seymour (Kilburn), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), T. Maynard (London, W.), T. J. Anderson (St. John's Wood), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Margaret Denchfield (Banbury), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), Geraldine Tatlow (Chippenham), Margery Finch (Portsmouth), Miss Walkerdine (Birmingham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Rev. A. J. Ashley (Cannock), Donald R. Gooding (Southwold), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Miss M. E. Fulkes (Upper Tooting), Laurence Tarr (East Ham), Alicia Williams (Bath), A. V. Waller (Sunderland), Ethel M. Odell (Forest Gate).

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Carr, of 12, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent, for the following:

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS. By E. M. FORSTER. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The short story—most fugitive of literary forms—is here rendered classic by real dignity and distinction. These half-dozen subtle allegories are classical also in another sense; despite their modern setting, they are steeped in a pagan and pre-Christian atmosphere. The petty unrest of our time is ironically contrasted with ancient qualities—worship of simple beauty, imagination, a lofty and gracious quietude. One feels, too, the presence of vast primal influences; Pan moves through the thicket, dryads still haunt the groves that the builder has spared. This slender, spacious book offers "infinite riches in a little room."

We also select for printing:

FELIX CHRISTIE. By PEGGY WEBLING. (Methuen.)

"Felix Christie" is a clever study of a young New Englander, who comes to the Old Country intending to make his name as a violinist and develops instead into a successful author. But the explanation of Christie's birth seems hardly sufficient to account for the very rapidly-formed friendship with Houghton Buckley and his family, which strikes one as slightly improbable, and it is also a little difficult to believe in Felix's strong attachment to Pearl. The book, however, contains one or two admirable scenes, while both Mrs. Christie and Lady Buckley are almost masterpieces as character sketches.

(Marjorie C. Barnard, 39, Nevern Square, S.W.)

THE GREAT STATE. Edited by H. G. WELLS, LADY WARWICK and G. R. S. TAYLOR. (Harpers.)

Milestones are extremely necessary things on a long walk. They are essential for a civilized community. "The Great State" is a national milestone, but it is hidden behind a hedge. It fails from over-modesty. H. G. Wells opens with a skilful and fundamental diagnosis of the social situation, and then steps gingerly towards a constructive scheme. He reminds us of the "Fabian Essays," whose policy became a laughing-stock, and himself takes safety in generalities. Here are essays for the politician, woman, doctor, artist or churchman in Utopia, but the most inspiring of all is Chiozza Money's "Work in the Great State." Every word carries conviction and stimulates dissatisfaction.

(R. S. Pollard, 14, Portland Road, Manchester.)

BLINDS DOWN. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (Smith, Elder & Co.).

Mr. Vachell's latest book, "Blinds Down," is one of his best. Divided into two parts, the first is undoubtedly the most powerful. The delineation of Rosetta's character is especially skilful, while the description of the two sisters and their surroundings could hardly be bettered. The second part drags somewhat, and we find it hard to believe that the daughter's life would be so exactly similar to the mother's. But the conversation and the dramatic moments, particularly when Rosetta reveals herself, are finely handled, and the life in the sleepy old town is a singularly accurate picture.

(Eleanor Pocock, 3, St. Stephen's Road, Ealing, London, W.)

STORIES WITHOUT TEARS. By BARRY PAIN. (Mills & Boon.)

There are few writers who see and record so much humour in everyday life as Mr. Barry Pain. For witty brevity he is incomparable. These stories are as good as any he has hitherto given us, especially the moral tales which conclude the volume. The plain girl who could make *omelettes aux fines herbes*; the desert which advertised its sunsets in vain; the schoolboys who organised the Banana Club—are all interesting and amusing creations; in fact, every one of the narratives is original, yet natural and instinct with quiet observation.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, Near Dartford, Kent.)

QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This beautiful tale breaks like a freshet into the stale stream of modern fiction. The scenery, the clearly-visualised characters, the illuminating style, all fill the memory with pleasant mind-pictures. Clearest of all is the sweet figure of Renée de St. Aubin, who, with her father and brother, flees from their Breton home on Mont St. Michel to take refuge from the Revolution on our Cornish Mount St. Michael. Round the three refugees and round the twin Mounts of Brittany and Cornwall, is woven a deft story, full of action, continuous interest, and the exhilarating freshness of the sea.

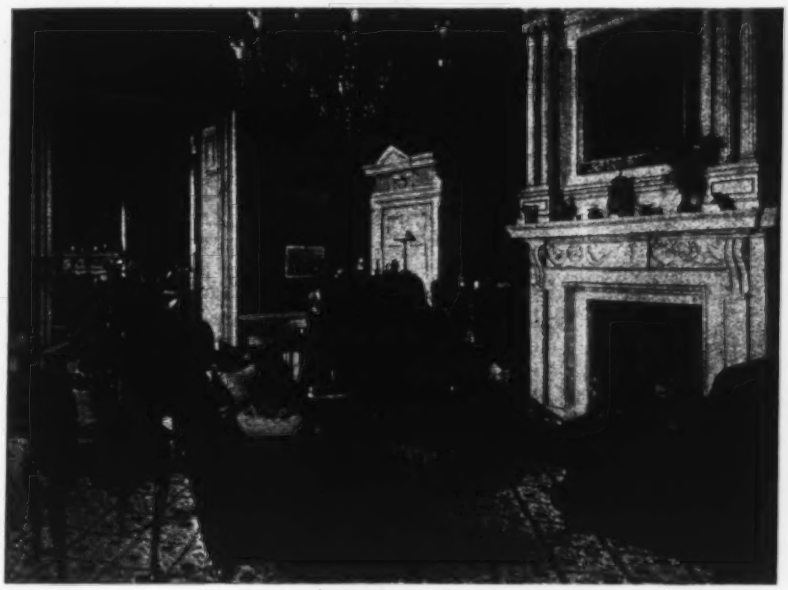
(Alan C. Fraser, Highlands, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

CHARITY. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Cunninghame Graham has been called "The Aristocrat of English Letters," and it is a title distinctly applicable to the man. The stories—or rather sketches—in this volume, depend very largely on their style. All of them—especially the Spanish scenes and portraits—are alive with colour. And one of the studies, "Aunt Eleanor," carries with it an immensity of reality which none but a master could have achieved. For simple effectiveness, this picture of a Scoto-Yorkshire lady of the old school, whose chiefest joys were horses, hunting, and divines "in black Geneva gowns," is, we imagine, almost unsurpassed.

(J. F. Harris, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

We also highly commend the reviews sent in by Mary Kingdom (Mallaig), Geraldine Payne-Gallwey (Thirsk), A. R. Williams (Worcester), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Mary Cleland (Ellesmere), Alexander McGill, Junr.



No. 10, Downing Street. The room used by Miss Balfour as her boudoir.

(Glasgow), Miss H. Bellis (Southport), Miss F. Carter-Squire (Shipley), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Maurice Frank (Stockwell), Catherine R. Glasgow (Westbury), Flora Thompson (Bournemouth), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), Frank Haigh (Halifax), Miss L. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Florence Karn (Gloucester), George Stanton (Leicester), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Claude L. Penrose (Woolwich), X.Y.Z. (Cambridge), Gladys E. Warren (St. John's Wood), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), Mary Ide Lantour (Ashford), Irene Pollok Lalonde (Bath), Hester Marshall (London, S.W.), L. Welby (Shanklin), Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Fuller, of 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.

NEW THOUGHT IN FRANCE.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

M. BOUTROUX has found in his English translator such an excellent medium by whom to convey his mind to us that I am tempted to ask for more—a very little more, but of infinite utility as the world goes. To these thoughtful addresses a brief set of definitions might have been attached. The average reader, who knows what scientific and philosophic terms may mean as one of George Eliot's characters knew Latin—all in general but nothing in particular—should be charitably put in remembrance of the precise intent lurking under such words as "concept" and "intuition," "positive sciences," "synthetic and analytic relations," and even "empirical and logical," but especially should he learn how to distinguish between "concept" and "reason." For lack of some preliminary instruction touching the value of its pieces a game of mental chess may bring only confusion and checkmate to the player we call in from the street. M. Boutroux comprehends his own meaning so well; he does, for the most part, lay it before us with such grace and lucidity, that these precautions added would give to his arguments ten-fold power. He is dealing with real objects and interests common to all. But how few have ever looked at the A.B.C. of metaphysics! Yet this, quite strictly, is the subject in hand, namely, whether beyond physics and physical science there is anything to know, any kind of action not reducible to these phenomena, their laws, and formulæ, and consequences.

I will throw the question into an easier shape. For many years past, as those who study French life and French politics are aware, the governing authorities in Paris have made a dead set at religion—the Catholic being charged in the foreground—as if what we understand by it were some inferior, degenerate, and uncivilized form of thought, or, as they say, "mentality." What do these lawgivers, who control the state education from primary schools to Paris University, aim at substituting for the religion they proscribe? M. Boutroux keeps at a distance from political strife, but the answer is plainly indicated where he speaks, in his second lecture, on the attitude taken up by French "independent" moralists towards the old dogmatic or Christian creed. There is no mystery in it. The so-called "positive," otherwise "determinist," principle recognizes only one method of investigation, which it applies to every object, real or possible, and that is the method of "science." I call particular attention to the following significant passage—a master-key that will unlock many closed doors—"Nature, pure and simple," says M. Boutroux, "constitutes for present-day philosophy the collection of facts that are observable by our senses, and that determine one another in the manner conceived by science." Facts observed by the senses, brought into relation under laws which are only abbreviated summaries of these very facts, behold the subject-matter and the method which "positive science" claims to make its own, while undertaking to explain phenomena by them universally. "Observe and arrange," that is the whole secret; and the faculties involved are the senses with their corresponding memories. But as religion is much more than a collection of sensible events; and since it appeals to personalities conceived as outside and above "nature pure and simple," either it is a fiction or its validity is established by methods unknown to the experimentalist who cannot go beyond "the absolute assimilation of man with things."

In the French State schools this "absolute assimilation" has been taught under the name of "independent morality" for twenty-five years and upwards. The

* "'The Beyond that is Within,' and other Addresses." By Emile Boutroux, Member of the French Institute, Professor of Modern Philosophy at the University of Paris. Translated by Jonathan Nield. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

social order is explained as a system of mechanical forces; and then children hear themselves exhorted to cultivate certain ideals, *e.g.*, patriotism, liberty, fraternity, and other shibboleths of the year 1789. But these children are not only scientific phenomena; they have strong appetites and growing passions; and how will the teacher inspire them with motives to curb their wild desires? What sanction except the fear of the policeman or of public opinion will he invoke? These arguments may be effective to restrain bad conduct, but they will never make any conduct good; for as motives they have nothing moral in them. As was excellently said long ago, all they could produce in human nature would be a species of "retrieving," and man would come forth from such an education about as moral as his dog or his horse. In fact, he comes forth, if we are to rely on French criminal statistics, much less disciplined than the animals we train. "Independent morality" is verbiage; its code is a copy-book; and there can be no such thing as duty in a machine. But men are not machines; all too easily they take their place, like Bill Sykes, in a Newgate Calendar.

Stripping the facts of those delicate wrappings in which M. Boutroux, always polite, has folded them up, I could exhibit some very unpleasant illustrations of a morality divorced from religion after this manner in France. But he, with a certain gracious timidity and self-control, points out why it must be so; on "the data of positive science" no sufficient reasons are discoverable why the laws of ethics should bind us. No, indeed, self-will is not good will; and how can it be changed to good will without loving good? Where in physical relations shall we find the power to change it? Nevertheless, without the goodwill of multitudes society cannot endure. The French State religion is melting away into moral anarchy. The school has become a forecourt of the prison.

Alarmed by these and the like observations, founded on a great consensus of testimonies from all sides, M. Boutroux is led to ask whether we must not "overstep the range of science;" whether its method is the only valid one; and whether its principle of "continuity" or "identity" can be applied when it yields results so little to our satisfaction as men, who feel bound, after all, to "follow our star," the true ideal? Science takes "the Given" for its province; is there not a "Beyond," in us and above us, to which we are akin? Ought we not to say with Pascal that man stands midway between the cause and the effect? that in his life—the life he is called upon to live as reasonable and loving—the scheme of things arrives at an interpretation in any other way unattainable? The instrument by which this harmony is effected M. Boutroux denominates reason; it is "the faculty which, above physical and logical relations, sets relations of concrete intelligibility—interconnecting no longer facts or concepts, but living beings."

A question here forces itself on our notice which cannot be passed over. Has this eminent French professor made acquaintance with Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent"? I think it most unlikely. Yet Newman wrote before 1870, "Our most natural mode of reasoning is not from propositions to propositions, but from things to things, from concrete to concrete, from wholes to wholes." The "reason" of M. Boutroux is the "illative sense" of Newman, in touch with life. And it is life which proclaims by hard stubborn facts, "chiels that winna' ding," the bankruptcy of physical science when attempting to domineer over things too high for it. Our author drives the lesson home. "It is just because of its construction," he says, "under the guidance of *reason*, that the object with which reflective and scientific thought confronts its concepts possesses an objective value." This "inner Beyond" of which we are conscious, is "the condition of the essential elements of human life, viz., action, volition, and perception, as therein revealed to us." And the more expressive are those forms in height and depth of being, so much the more will they repay our efforts to develop them as living powers. Physical science may reckon its triumphs precisely because it has, in its own province, aimed at the mastery of nature by well-devised experiment, which always combines intuition with concept, and both with concrete reality. But so does art, so metaphysics, and surely religion has ever implied the communion of spirit with spirit.

I cannot pause here to do more than suggest how like is this argument of M. Boutroux to Mr. Balfour's general reasoning in "The Foundations of Belief." The French writer offers it in a constructive way, and very gently, as to men lately convalescent from materialism. He might, with Mr. Balfour, have made it the fulcrum of a terrible dilemma; either admit these grand human acquisitions to be real and not delusive, or confess that science itself has no more solid basis in fact than they have. A third line of inference may be followed, closely resembling Newman's in the "Grammar," if we affirm that life has its rights, its justification, and its inward harmony, not only as certain as physical science ever could show, but more primitive and of larger compass. The stroke which establishes art, metaphysics, and religion in their respective sovereignties, reveals the abysses of consciousness and conscience, or in St. Paul's magnificent language, the "deep Things" of God and man. Thus will the "inner Beyond," once it is acknowledged, "bestow a real value," says M. Boutroux, "upon those methods of inward and outward observation which at an earlier stage we felt bound to reject as insufficient." Using plainness of speech we may translate these carefully toned-down words into a series of English sentences, thus:—the admission of a faculty which apprehends and judges the concrete is the only possible alternative to scepticism; but, if admitted, that faculty will declare the existence of other worlds besides "Nature pure and simple," worlds therefore "supernatural" from the point of view taken by physical science, not continuous with it, nor to be interpreted in its technique; summing up the whole in Schopenhauer's memorable dictum, "There is a metaphysics."

The reality and the function of "wisdom" or philosophy have in this manner been ascertained. It "looks for the connection between science and action; it responds to the need of knowing whether existence, in so far as it transcends the compass of science, is still within the grasp of the intellect, of the reason, of human thought." M. Boutroux, as we gather from these words, would not be rightly numbered with pure mystics. The harmony that he desires to see accomplished between all the varying lines of human action and reflection is, like that contemplated by Aristotle, a creation of the

mind, but it must be a living mind imparting to its own vision the judgment of reality without which all would be a dream. He calls on those who are now opponents to be reconciled, not by the suppression of any element in our complex nature, but by enlarging the circle in which every one may find its place. I consider his persuasive volume to be among the most notable symptoms—and they are multiplying—of New Thought in France. When that thought has gained its legitimate influence the Republic will no longer banish the name of God from its decrees and religion from its schools. I have given myself the pleasure of analysing briefly M. Boutroux's admirably-timed lectures; and I can pay them no more sincere compliment.

New Books.

AN IRISH CAVALIER.*

Lady Burghclere has written a most attractive biography. It would be pleasant to add that she has written a fresh and judicial history; but it would not be true. She has attempted to give us here (despite the modesty of her title) not only the life but the times of Ormonde, and, while the life is a great success both in interest and in portraiture, the times are a success only in interest. Lady Burghclere seems to have made no deep study of seventeenth-century Ireland. She light-heartedly entitles the fifth chapter in her first volume "Massacre and Rebellion," for instance, thus giving an entirely false conception of the nature of the rising of 1641. It is surely time that responsible historians should cease to perpetuate an ancient calumny originally invented for political reasons. Lecky was no partisan of the native Irish, but he has stated it as his deliberate judgment that "the rebellion was a defensive war, entered into in order to secure a toleration of the religion of the Irish people. . . . It may boldly be asserted that the statement of a general and organized massacre is utterly and absolutely untrue." Unfortunately, Lecky only touched seventeenth-century Ireland in passing: not until we have someone to do for Ireland of the seventeenth century what Lecky did for Ireland of the eighteenth century, are writers such as Lady Burghclere likely to cease repeating the old prejudices and errors. But, even without another Lecky, it is strange that she should permit herself to say of a people who were fighting for the freedom of their religion and the repossession of their homes that "it was no exalted patriotism, but pillage and revenge that commended the war to the natives of Ulster."

More original, as an instance of Lady Burghclere's failure to grasp the realities of seventeenth-century Ireland, is her condonation of Wentworth's attempt to suppress the Irish woollen industry.

"[Wentworth] has frequently been reproached" (says the author) "for wilfully destroying the cloth manufacture, in order that the Irish, who, as regards bare necessities, were a self-sufficing people, should be kept dependent on England. But Free Traders should hesitate before they endorse this accusation, since his action consisted in repealing the prohibition to support wool."

Unfortunately for Lady Burghclere, the "accusation" against Wentworth of undermining the woollen trade of the Irish for English ends is made on the strength of his own letters on the matter: "for," he wrote, "they [the Irish] might beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us which they were able to do." There may be theories of Imperialism according to which Wentworth's action is defensible. But to defend it on the ground of Free Trade is like defending some of the great assassinations of history on the ground of eugenics. It is to ignore equally the larger consequences of the deed and the motives of the perpetrator.

In spite of the gaps and errors in the historical background against which we see him, however, Ormonde stands out in the present volumes with a wonderful reality and spell; the fact that, in comparison with nearly all whom he served, he was so much the man of honour, gives his figure an abiding interest of nobleness. Exceptional in strength, witty, judicious, tolerant, fearless, a ruler of men, he was for long the bulwark of the Stuart power in Ireland—the very model of the best sort of Cavalier. His loyalty to the Stuarts seems to me one of the psychological puzzles of history. As a youth, he saw his family robbed and ruined by one Stuart and one Duke of Buckingham: as an old man, towards the end of a life of service, he found himself ignored and ostracized by another Stuart and another Duke of Buckingham; yet never for a moment did his loyalty to the throne waver. He accepted the service of the monarchy as a sort of religious duty. "However ill I may stand at Court," he declared in a fine sentence, "I am resolved to lye well in the chronicle." Both in his notion of duty and in his thirst for fame he is like a character out of the Heroic Age. It would not be far from the truth to

From "The Life of James, Duke of Ormonde," by Lady Burghclere (John Murray)

Kilkenny Castle.

* "The Life of James, First Duke of Ormonde, 1610–1688." By Lady Burghclere. Portraits. 2 Vols. 28s. net. (John Murray.)

say that he served king first and conscience afterwards. Yet there was not a servile inch in his body. When the all-powerful Wentworth ordered peers and commoners alike to lay aside their swords on entering the Parliament in Dublin, Ormonde alone resisted the officer's attempt to disarm him at the door and told him that "if he had his sword it should be in his guts." It was a dangerous piece of independence, and it was doubtful for some time whether it was going to ruin Ormonde or to make him. And though, nearly forty years after this, he was submissive enough under the slights of Charles II., he was good-humouredly, not cravenly, so. When, during this period, Colonel Cary Dillon came to ask him to further his interests with the king, observing that he had no friend at Court but God and His Grace, the Duke replied with a whimsical cynicism: "Alas! poor Cary, I pity thee; thou couldest not have two friends that had less interest at Court, or less respect shown them there."

There is no period of his life when Ormonde shows more attractively than in those times of misfortune. He was born to be a figure of romance, but he becomes doubly so when King Charles publicly frowns upon him and when Buckingham's scoundrels, Flood and the others, set upon him at night in St. James's Street and gallop him off towards the gallows at Tyburn with the intention of stringing him up there. Lady Burghclere excels in giving us a vivid narrative of adventures of this romantic sort. She brings out the quality of the man clearly, too, by the method of her narrative—his tolerance, his serenity, his unfailing humour, his outspokenness, his fidelity to what will seem to most people nowadays a narrow conception of public duty. His extraordinary Cavalier loyalty is seen in his perfectly sincere reference to the dead Charles II.—the King who "had used him, laughed with him, flouted him, and leant on him"—as the "best King, the best master, and (if I may be so saucy as to say so) the best friend that man ever had." It was because, little of a mystic though he was, he had a kind of religious loyalty to kings in his blood, that he who might have revolutionized Ireland never did anything bigger than carry on the King's Government in it. He was a great Cavalier, even a great governor, rather than a great statesman. It is fitting that he should have been buried in Westminster Abbey, for he faithfully represented the English and not the Irish interest in Ireland. At the same time, even those who hold that his ideals were absolutely wrong must respect him as the noblest of the moderate men who appeared on the other side in the age of the Stuarts.

ROBERT LYND.

HOW 'TWAS.*

Mr. Reynolds' great reputation is hardly likely to be increased by this very unequal book. Some of the sketches in it are worthy to rank with the best work in "A Poor Man's House" or "Alongshore," but some are most decidedly not. The fact is, there must always be a danger in collecting together in one volume work from many different papers and reviews which have appeared over a considerable number of years, and the book before us is a very fair example of what that danger is. Considering that Mr. Reynolds is a writer of really remarkable ability, it must be admitted that he has done himself a dis-service in printing here such sketches as "The Log of the *Bristol Beauty*," "Robbery Robbed," "Dear Papa's Love-Story," "A Marriage of Learning," and some of the cat studies. However, it is no good cavilling too much, especially when one comes to consider how many capital, and even impressive, things there are left. Of the thirty sketches and stories that make up this curiously varied book, perhaps one would not be far wrong in picking out the following seven as the ablest things in it: "An Unofficial Divorce," "The Beachcomber," "Silly Saltie," "A Love's Hunger," "May-Babies," "Self-Exiled," "A Third-Class Journey." They show Mr. Reynolds at that high level of clear and vivid portraiture, of finished and simple writing, that cause his best work to be excellent in so singular a degree. The truth is that he belongs to a very rare class of realist—that is, a realist who does not exaggerate realism in much the same way as the romantics invariably exaggerated romance. In dealing with the fisher-folk of the West Country he seems to have attained an extraordinary understanding of the psychology of a class, and he conveys it to us with great literary cunning. No sooner does he begin to talk in dialect than he appears instinctively to enter into the thoughts of his fishermen. The kind of awkwardness which act- like a barrier between class and class is broken down at a touch. It is very interesting to watch how naturally he slips into their souls just by slipping into their speech. It is in this respect that he is unique, and it would sound to most people like a truism to suggest that he is better employed writing about the inhabitants of the sea-shore than about anything else. And yet readers of the "Holy Mountain" will remember how brilliantly he succeeded on altogether different ground, and one would not willingly have missed that racy book. And here, too, strangely enough, the story which of all others has most riveted us is neither a story of the sea nor a satire such as the "Holy Mountain," but the haunting and tender study of stifled love, called "A Love's Hunger." This is the story of a girl who marries a doctor who loves her, but is never able to tell her so—not even on his death-bed. In the very fullness of its restraint it is profoundly moving. It has the sweet and indefinable sadness of a Turgenev story. Here, then, is Mr. Reynolds in a new and exquisite vein, which most certainly he ought to develop further. The only other piece we need mention particularly is the travel sketch, named "A Third-Class Journey," which relates how the author and his mate Jim, went for a holiday to Marseilles. This, which is much the longest thing in the book, is but a plain record of events and sensations, but it is told with a distinction and a detailed and unobtrusive realism that mark Mr. Reynolds as a writer of true originality.

In short, "How 'Twas," though it is disappointing in the sense that most *mélanges* are, and because its best work is not superior to the best work in some of Mr. Reynolds' other books, is, nevertheless, a remarkable performance. It certainly contains mediocre things, but it also contains things which are representative of its author's finest achievements.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "How 'Twas: Short Stories and Small Travels." By Stephen Reynolds. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

THE LISTENERS AND OTHER POEMS.*

Reverie has never made a more magical book than Mr. Walter de la Mare's third book of poems. For the most part, either they take the form of childish memories or their atmosphere is like that of overpowering memory. Never was child so tyrannous a father to the man. He does not recall things as Jefferies did the yellowhammer singing in the sun upon an ash branch in the field called Stewart's Mash, but always drowned, softened, reduced, and with a more or less distinctly sad sense of remoteness. Sometimes he announces the element of memory by beginning "When thin-strewn memory I look through" or "Once" or "One Summer's day," while in "The Journey" voices "seemed" to cry "vaguely from the hiding-place of memory." The number of poems thus labelled is small, but coming together at the beginning they give an unmistakable keynote to the whole.

In one poem he relates how Martha used to tell the children stories beginning "Once upon a time":

> "And her beauty far away
> Would fade, as her voice ran on,
> Till hazel and summer sun
> And all were gone:—
> "All foredone and forgot;
> And like clouds in the height of the sky,
> Our hearts stood still in the hush
> Of an age gone by."

Even so is the world often "all foredone and forgot" in

* "The Listeners and other Poems." By Walter de la Mare. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

these poems, and the poet's and the reader's hearts thus stand still—to see the three cherry trees:

"There were three cherry trees once,
Grew in a garden all shady;
And there, for delight of so gladsome a sight,
Walked a most beautiful lady,
Dreamed a most beautiful lady . . . "

or the very old woman living alone, who once was young,

"But age apace
Comes at last to all;
And a lone house filled
With the cricket's call;
And the scampering mouse
In the hollow wall."

Once he goes far back—"hundreds of years away"—and sees a Guinevere, a Helen, and a Cleopatra, unlike those of any other poet. Once the witch's eyes slant "through the silence of the long past." Once he uses the device of an epitaph:

"Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she."

The scene of one poem is a stone house, in a forest by a lake, named only "Alas." At the moonlit door of another lone house a traveller knocks:

"But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then,
Still listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men."

Or the scene is the palace of the King of Never-to-be or a graveyard, or in "the shades of Arabia." Arabia is the name of one of Mr. de la Mare's provinces, and it is a proof of his mastery that he can use this name and make it so perfectly his own while retaining all that the name means to those who are neither travellers nor geographers. It would be valuable and delightful to study the elements which contribute to the mystery of these poems. There are palaces, cottages, orchards, graveyards, all having something of the partly conventional, partly fantastic quality of those things to a child of small experience: the graveyard in particular is such a perfect idea of a graveyard as a child might make out of a story or a poem, yet I do not know where to find a more vivid sense of the grave than in this first verse of "The Bindweed":

"The bindweed roots pierce down
Deeper than men do lie,
Laid in their dark-shut graves
Their slumbering kinsmen by."

Mr. de la Mare's birds and flowers are most beautiful, but his book is not natural history. His "Owl and Newt and Nightjar, Leveret, Bat and Mole," are of the sixteenth century. The Asphodel and Amaranth are among his flowers, as Lethe is among his rivers. Dreams come to him from "gloomy Hades and the whispering shore." His hawthorn "hath a deathly smell." His snow frightens the starlings with its pale glare. There are witches in his country who carry "charms and spells and sorceries" in their packs. Cupid has once been met there, certainly alive. But the dead in that country are more than the living.

Without such a study, it is clear that Mr. de la Mare's magic is very richly compounded of childish experience, of Nature and books, of queer, half-understood or misunderstood things, and of the oldest mysteries. For all the atmosphere is tinged with sadness; very beautiful things—"and clash of silver, beauty, bravery, pride"—are seen in a faintly malevolent haze of time or distance. That when the poet speaks in his own person his melancholy should be overt cannot surprise anyone who realises how few of any man's hours can after all be given to reverie; how difficult or unlovely must appear the broken, scattered, or jangled things outside that province. He writes as an "exile" who would certainly not write if he were not exile, if he could always be at "Alas" or the "Dark Chateau," or upon those mountains whose "untroubled snows" his ghost is thirsting for. He is one of the most welcome of the many exiles who have been among us.

Edward Thomas.

MARTIN HARVEY.*

We could wish this book to be read by every young actor, and placed in the hands of every young playgoer. Mr. Edgar is out to champion no peculiar views of art, unless it be that the art of the stage should be taken seriously; but even this championship, if it be granted, is in the nature of an unrehearsed effect. He is an avowed admirer of his subject, an admirer of old standing, who has seen our youngest actor-manager not only in London, but in Liverpool and Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh; and has watched his slow, sure progress with growing enthusiasm.

Mr. Martin Harvey's progress from humble walking gentleman to the central figure in "Œdipus Rex" is full of fascination; and in inducing him to talk about himself and his art Mr. Edgar has placed us under a double obligation, and provided the ordinary reader as well as the playgoer with several hours of delightful literary recreation. The book is full of good stories. To some of us not the least attractive part of the work will be found in the pages devoted to Sir Henry Irving, and the old days at the Lyceum. We see again from a very intimate standpoint the man who must be regarded as the pioneer of modern English acting. "In the theatre," Mr. Martin Harvey is recorded as saying, "Irving was a great teacher of technique. No one could teach better than Irving, if the actor were prepared to take a lesson. Many people with him were not prepared to learn, and did not. I have seen Irving teach a man how to play his part, and in doing so hold the whole company hushed and on the verge of tears. I have heard the same man, after the rehearsal, turn to his fellows with no more to say than, 'The old man is very tiresome this morning!'" What is called the

* "Martin Harvey: Some Pages of His Life." By George Edgar. With 20 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Martin Harvey.

A portrait study by H. Waite Sanderson.
From "Martin Harvey," by George Edgar (Grant Richards).

technique of acting has always appealed strongly to Mr. Martin Harvey. In this lies the secret of his hold upon the public. He "sees in his body the instrument of his art—it is what the paint and brushes are to the painter, the music score to the composer, the written word or the printed book to the writer." As Mr. Edgar says:

"The ceaseless effort to improve and control every physical attribute has left its mark upon his personality. The years he has spent in cultivating his physical resources mark him out from the race of ordinary men, by the sound of his voice, the unconscious personal grace betrayed by his movements and the attention he gives to such details as the spontaneous emphasis of a word of conversation by the appropriate gesture."

There is an appreciative foreword from the pen of M. Maeterlinck, concerning Mr. Martin Harvey's impersonation of Pelléas. And the volume, which shows us the man as well as the actor, is embellished by some very attractive photographs.

LORD REDESDALE'S ESSAYS.*

This book is pleasant reading because it draws upon the full experience of one who is under no compulsion to write. It is never wearisome, for the author is never wearied. Even when what he says is not new, the old is energised by his own interest in it, and fortunately his interest is not diminished in the subject of Japan on which, many years ago now, he established himself as an authority with something fresh to say.

Lord Redesdale was brought up on Harrison Ainsworth, with the result that the Tower of London has inspired in him a life-long reverence. Xit and Mauger and Simon Renard and the Hot Gospeller were very real personages to him, and he believed without doubting the story of Anne Boleyn's ghost as told him by an old officer of the Coldstreams. He fed his young imagination upon this tragedy in stone. It was his very good fortune, therefore, to be able later in life to do something for the material fabric of his visions. The Tower, being a palace, a prison and a fortress with barracks, receives the attentions of the Lord Chamberlain, the Constable of the Tower, and the War Office. The structure itself is the concern of the Office of Works, of which Lord Redesdale became Secretary in 1874. The ancient buildings were then in a very bad way. They had not been used as a palace since the reign of James II., they were no longer a prison, and in the zeal to make the most of them as barracks the authorities had hidden away all the romance behind wretched military stores. The Hawthorn tower had been burned down, and on its site rose a warehouse that masked the whole Tower from the river. Public interest in it had fallen away when it ceased to be the fashion to go there to see the lions. Its menagerie, dating from the coming of three leopards (a compliment to the royal coat-of-arms of England) from the Emperor Frederick in 1235, was removed in 1826 to found the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. Mr. Planché had just started in earnest on his battle with the War Office which insisted on a "line of Kings," or at any rate of great personages in armour, from Norman times. As Mr. Guy Laking says in an interesting note on the armoury of the Tower, Rowlandson's aquatint of 1781 reveals almost as much absurdity as was witnessed a hundred years earlier by Mons. Teravin de Rocheford, who was shown among the Tower's arms a musket of William the Conqueror.

All this is leading up to the author's share in the interesting incident he relates in the chapter that gives a title to his volume. Of all the buildings in the Tower, none had suffered more neglect than the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula. Macaulay has a purple passage upon its barbaric defacement, and Lord Redesdale's account is not less condemnatory if more matter-of-fact. Accordingly when Sir John Taylor reported in 1876 that something must be done at once if the chapel were to be saved, Queen Victoria signified to Lord Redesdale her acquiescence in the necessary work, at the same time enjoining care and reverence in disturbing the bones of the illustrious dead lying in it. A plan was prepared showing the position in which, according to the best historical authorities, the various persons had been interred and a beginning was made on the north side of the chancel, where it was believed was the grave of Anne Boleyn. There was a thrill of emotion, the author tells us, when at two feet below the surface they came upon the bones of a woman of from twenty-five to thirty years of age. Anne Boleyn was twenty-nine at the time of her death, and there could be no doubt that this was indeed the unhappy Queen.

"The bones were slender and beautifully formed—narrow feet and hands, delicate limbs in excellent proportion, the vertebræ very small, the atlas (the joint nearest the skull) tiny—(remember her laughing at her 'lyttel neck' on the eve of her execution!) Every particle of earth was passed through a sieve, so that not a splinter of bone should be left, and all the remains were piously gathered together for re-burial."

Later on, digging to the south of Anne Boleyn's grave, the workmen found the bones of a tall stalwart man, corresponding to the description of the Duke of Northumberland. The skull was there, however, and would not the "head of a traitor" have been exposed on London Bridge? But the records when turned up showed that as an act of grace the Duke's head was buried with his body, and that what seemed to raise a doubt was converted into indirect testimony of accuracy.

As has been indicated, on the subject of Japan—that is in the greater part of the book—Lord Redesdale is unfailingly fresh. He writes also on Leonardo da Vinci, landscape gardening, the history of paper, and if none of his essays on these has the deep interest of that on the Tower, each has individuality. His views on photography will not please all its practitioners; we own ourselves in agreement with him in condemning those experiments in reflections which torture "the countless smiles of the sea" into the grievances of a circus clown. But the opinions in this volume, though quite definite, are aired with charm, and are never provocative.

D. S. MELDRUM.

* "A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers." By Lord Redesdale. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

THE LADY NEXT DOOR.*

Mr. Harold Begbie's abrupt transformation from a man of versatile talent into a writer with the inspiration of genius is one of the most curious events in the modern literary world. It would make another striking foot-note to William James's revolutionary study of the varieties of religious experience. Mr. Begbie is now distinguished from a hundred writers with whom he used to rank by the sharp and clear insight into human nature with which a profound and settled faith in God has suddenly endowed him. He has broken clean through the fabric of our materialistic civilisation. He sees this strange, novel, complex system of industrialism, in which we are all now entangled, in an old and yet a new light. Regarding all the intricate machinery of the most advanced societies he asks: "What is its ultimate effect upon the human spirit?" To him the world, with all its new inventions and its new organisations, remains what it was at the beginning—a place of spiritual conflict in which souls are shaped and character moulded.

In his present book he applies his illuminating way of studying modern problems to one of the most hackneyed topics in British politics. "The Lady Next Door" is Ireland—a young and capable matron, seated at a fireside, who raises her grey eyes to the visitor and says with a whimsical play of laughter at her lips: "I wish to do my own housekeeping. I think I can do it in a better way and more cheaply than other people can do it for me. I want to be left alone to attend to my own business and bring up my own family in my own way." The old gentleman next door, says Mr. Begbie, may be alarmed by this

* "The Lady Next Door." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ambition, but the lady really has no more evil intent against his prosperity than to sell him the surplus of her butter and eggs.

So the book begins. But after discussing the lady's affairs in a fresh, picturesque and telling manner, Mr. Begbie draws an extraordinary and arresting conclusion. In spite of his own impassioned and settled belief in the fundamental ideas of Protestantism, he inclines to think that Catholic Ireland, after a generation of self-government, will become a centre of radiating spiritual influences that may yet save the Anglo-Saxon race from the greatest of all maladies—atrophy of the soul.

"In Catholic Ireland—even in the most ignorant of the peasants, the most demoralised of the urban population—spiritual life is the supreme reality. . . . One is tempted to cry out to England, with all the energy of one's soul, that she has taken a wrong road, that ruin awaits her in the near distance, that at all hazards she must stop and get back as soon as possible to the path of nature. . . . I believe it is good for England to possess, close at her luxurious door, this modest, affectionate and thrifty people who are struggling to live the spiritual life."

In "Aspects of the Irish Question"* Mr. Sydney Brooks has written in small compass a comprehensive book on Ireland, remarkably fair in tone, except, perhaps, in regard to the character of the Irish priesthood. He is convinced that when Ireland takes completely in hand the management of her own affairs there will be a quiet but effectual revolt against the political power of the parish priest. In his view it is the English Government that is responsible for the present political influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, that has been converted into a kind of moral police force by English statesmen, the purchase price in this transaction being the control by religious bodies of the instruction of the people. This, maintains Mr. Sydney Brooks, is the origin of the real "Rome Rule," which will be effectively destroyed in a struggle between clericals of all creeds against the popular control of education.

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD.†

The downfall of Napoleon marked the end of a great epoch in history, but the century that followed has been of immense interest and importance in the development of the world. It has seen the establishment of a new Europe with a different balance, with new ideas of inter-relations, it has seen the emergence of the United States as a great world power, the phenomenal birth of Japan, the signs that prelude the rousing of China, the partition of Africa, the consolidation of Italy and of Germany. It has had its share of wars, shattering and constructive, of statesmanship in mighty schemes, of unprecedented works of engineering, of great scientific discovery, of new ideas of life and sociology. While lacking a Napoleon in whom a whole era might be summed up and concentrated, the century that has just ended produced a great number of men of wide and wise ideas and policy, whose work and influence while less dazzling than Bonaparte's, were tremendous factors in moulding the destinies of the modern world. A plain impartial history of the past hundred years cannot fail to be of absorbing interest.

Yet in looking through Mr. Browning's two large volumes, it was impossible not to wonder just for what public it was written. Hardly for the historian or the advanced student of history, who would go for his information to the sources from which Mr. Browning drew. For Mr. Browning expressly and truly declares in his preface that his book "has no pretensions to originality or research. It is a plain account of the political events of ninety-five years, more than seventy of which have passed during the writer's lifetime, and nearly seventy within his recollection." For thirty years Mr. Browning taught history in Cambridge University, and during that time most of the material of

Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

Mr. Oscar Browning.

the present book formed the subject of his lectures. And this seems to me to be indicated in the very personal manner which is often discernible in the pages before us. The earlier part of the book is concerned with matters chiefly European, and for this Mr. Browning has had the usual accepted authorities to help him in framing his narrative, which certainly gives an excellent *précis* of events, though it seems to demand no little previous knowledge on the part of the reader. But towards the latter part of the work we begin to find less a history than an exposition of Mr. Browning's personal bias in his way of recounting events. This would be delightful in a series of articles for the reviews, or in lectures, but seems to detract from the value of any history seriously intended to represent the course and tendencies of the affairs of the world.

For example, when it becomes necessary to speak of Chamberlain's adoption of the policy of Tariff Reform.

"Now, however, for what reason can only be conjectured, Chamberlain lent the force of his will and his great influence over the masses to attempt to reverse this policy (Free Trade). He had recently paid a visit to South Africa, during which he must have become convinced that the Boer War, for which he was ready to assume the responsibility, was a blunder, if not a crime; and the idea of inaugurating a new policy with which his name might be connected may have occurred to him in his solitary broodings, either on the illimitable veldt or on the voyage home.

". . . Protection is the coward's refuge. . . . Happily the danger has been averted."

Now, anyone may legitimately hold strongly to Free Trade or to Tariff Reform, and he may legitimately and laudably express his adherence, and Mr. Browning has every right to his opinions and to free speech. But that is not how a great historian writes.

Again, there is a remarkable proportion of space devoted to the details of various wars. Surely in a history of the modern world it is less important to know the movements of a campaign—especially when at the most only a cramped and insufficient account can be given, than the movements and progress of national and international affairs. Yet quite one-sixth of the two volumes is devoted to war narrative, while many of the most truly important happenings and phenomena of recent times are neglected. From

*"Aspects of the Irish Question." By Sydney Brooks. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

†"A History of the Modern World, 1815–1910." By Oscar Browning, M.A. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

the most diligent reading of this work it would be impossible to obtain any inkling of the tremendous rise of Germany as a naval power, the Kaiser is hardly mentioned, nor do we hear of the great European statesmen of to-day; the revolution in Turkey is not spoken of, nor is there a word of the progress of the Labour movement, nor of the phenomenon of the Trusts in America. The truth is that the scope of the work was too great for any but the most consummate skill in handling and arranging with due regard to perspective and proportion. The attempt is to be commended, but the result is not altogether satisfactory. Beyond doubt every reader of such a book will cavil at finding in it things which seem to him scarcely deserving of extended treatment, and at not finding any mention of matters that, in his judgment, are of the highest importance. But this work transgresses to an extent that is impossible to attribute to the caprice of a captious reader; the information conveyed is trustworthy—our complaint is against the extraordinary omissions and the lack of proportion in the plan.

F. M. A.

THE JULY MONARCHY.*

"Since I have reached the age of reason," writes the Comtesse de Boigne in one of the later chapters of this supplementary volume of her memoirs, "I have seen three powerful Governments fall, all by suicidal abuse of the principle which brought them into being. The Empire had fallen by its obstinate persistency in despotism and war; the Restoration by a senseless and inopportune revival of legitimist claims; the July monarchy by a reluctance, which reached the point of cowardice, to abandon strict legal forms, and to disregard the Paris middle class." The present volume opens with France settling down after the events that led to the July monarchy, and it closes with "universal suffrage for the first time in operation," and the cries of "Long live Reform!" which ushered in the Second Republic. It was for the most part a strange and incoherent episode in French history. The shadow of the great Revolution lay upon men's minds; the menace of the holy alliance was in their thoughts; while the working classes, ignorant, poor, and lacking political power, were beginning to be stirred by the Socialistic teaching of Louis Blanc and his like. "The time for purely political movement in France is past," wrote Stein in 1842, "the next revolution must inevitably be a *social* revolution." The memories of Chateaubriand, of Talleyrand, of Pasquier, of Guizot, and of a crowd of others, give us the varying phases of public opinion during this period, but inasmuch as these men were, like Madame Roland, stating a case for impartial posterity, their writings belong to a category different from those of Madame de Boigne.

That lady, as those will remember who have read the former volumes which M. Charles Nicoulland has given to the world, was the daughter of the Marquis d'Osmond, and a lady-in-waiting to Madame Adélaïde, Louis XVI.'s aunt. She was educated by a sister of Marie Antoinette, Queen Caroline of Naples, and formed a close friendship with Queen Caroline's daughter, afterwards Queen Marie Amélie. At eighteen, Adèle de Boigne married the Comte de Boigne, a soldier of fortune, who proposed to her because another lady rejected his addresses. Guizot, who met her shortly before her marriage, describes her as most engaging, "singing, dancing, talking, listening, observant," and possessing a "just and quick instinct of the interests of existence and of high breeding." It is through the eyes of this quick, observant lady that we are able to observe the transformations in French society and politics through three different Governments.

Anecdotes are the small change of history, and one told by Madame de Boigne in the first chapter of this volume, is a good illustration of the causes that brought about the July monarchy. When Charles X. had abdicated, she tells us "etiquette was the only thing that preserved its rights." During the retreat of the royal family to Cherbourg there was no diminution of these rights.

> "As I have been led to speak of this gloomy voyage, I may here set down a small anecdote of which I have special knowledge, for the purpose of showing how far the observance of etiquette enveloped our unfortunate princes with its trivialities. They were to dine at Laigle with Mme. de Caudecoste, who received them most readily. The officials of the household preceded the party; everything was placed at their disposal; they demanded a square table, and as there was none to be found, they sawed a fine mahogany table into that shape, as the king, they said, could not eat at a round table. If I am not mistaken, such care at such a time is sufficiently significant, and seems to me to excuse many reproaches that have been often repeated."

Nor was the attitude of the legitimist aristocracy a whit less ridiculous. At first they were frightened and kept quiet, but after the trial of Charles X.'s minister it was evident that the Government did not wish to be severe, and the Legitimists began their demonstrations. The sack of the Archbishop's palace checked their ardour, but "herded in the same drawing-rooms, they rubbed shoulders, and, feeling themselves universally hostile, they believed themselves to be the world." This world accordingly determined to ruin Paris. Economies were made on servants and horses, and there was a great parade of countermanding orders for furniture, jewels, and so forth. "Ladies set off to the country without buying summer hats, and made their maids turn their last year's dresses." It was thought that when they came back Paris would be in submission. "They honestly expected," says Madame de Boigne, "to find grass growing in the streets of the criminal city." Judge of their astonishment when they saw "more splendid carriages, more diamonds, and more outward magnificence in the town than it had ever seen, and discovered that Paris was already more brilliant than it had been before the Restoration."

A large section of the present volume is devoted to the one feature of the legitimist conspiracies that is not wholly contemptible—the romantic, ridiculous, yet courageous and devoted attempts of the Duchesse de Berri to restore the throne to the Duc de Bordeaux. A woman of unusual personal charm, able to win people over to projects that their better judgment regarded as hopeless, the Duchesse was a resolute if imprudent leader. Among her many qualities, a knowledge of geography was not the most remarkable. When the royal family were escaping to England, as they neared the English coast, the Duchesse suddenly burst into the cabin where the princess and the chief passengers were assembled, asserting that the captain of the vessel was guilty of infamous treachery. It appears that she had overheard the pilot explaining that he proposed to enter the roadstead of St. Helen's, as the wind was unfavourable for Spithead, and she at once saw herself chained upon the lonely rock that had harboured a far more formidable claimant to the throne of France. It required all the captain's diplomacy, reinforced by a study of the map, to quiet the Duchesse's alarm.

Apart from these conspirators *pour vive*, the book contains many amusing anecdotes, as well as some fresh light upon the men who strove, honestly if unsuccessfully, to give France a stable government, and to reconcile authority with freedom. We meet Chateaubriand in his political aspect, though it is true that Madame de Boigne has too keen an eye for all that was tawdry and affected in his character; we see her discreet adorer, Pasquier; we see Talleyrand waiting in Palmerston's ante-room, and we are shown the death-bed of that aged and versatile diplomatist. In fact, we see something of every man of eminence who held the public eye during the eighteen years of the July monarchy, and we see them through the shrewd, ironical, piercing, yet on the whole tolerant eyes, of a great lady who, born while Louis XV. was king, lived to see France twice a republic.

A. W. EVANS.

* "Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne." Edited from the original MS. by M. Charles Nicoulland. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

AUTHENTIC IRELAND.*

Ireland has suffered much in the past from conventions, literary as well as political. To-day she is not yet rid of them. The literary convention of the past died hard, but it died largely through the influence of the Gaelic League. The curious thing about these literary conventions, both that of yesterday and that of to-day, is that they are both of English not of Gaelic origin. The stage Irishman is an exaggerated fact, but still a fact deriving from the eighteenth century. You have only to read Sir Jonah Barrington and his Anglo-Irish contemporaries to understand how essentially English the stage Irishman was. He was invented by Englishmen settled in Ireland, and as Englishmen were the only people who then counted for anything they successfully imposed on a voiceless people the typical Irishman of tradition. This Irishman possessed in an exaggerated degree the ideal English qualities. He was impossibly courageous, incredibly chivalrous. He loved well, fought and drank hard. That is just what the Anglo-Irishman did a hundred years ago, and the ruined mansions which dot the country, are memorials of his wild and reckless life, ending in ruin. But the Irishman proper did nothing of the kind. Circumstances as well as his race proclivities prevented him.

This brings me to Mr. Padraic Colum's remarkable book "My Irish Year," a book instinct with knowledge of the heart and soul of Irish life, full of poetry and of the glamour of Ireland, but withal sane and nearly always philosophic in its outlook. "Because of his conspicuous courage and his impassioned speech," writes Mr. Colum, "the Irishman has been credited with a quality that is supposed to go with these—the lover's passion and the lover's devotion. But love, as the English and the Continental writers think of it, has very little place in Irish life. Amongst the peasantry love-making is more often a subject for satire than for romance, and our cousins—the Gaels of Scotland—say of us, 'Comh neamhghradhmhar le Eireannach,'—'as loveless as an Irishman.'" This, I think, explains why so many Irish become celibates, as priests or nuns: it certainly accounts in large measure for the unromantic marriage customs, the absence of wooing, the hard bargaining over the dowry, and the disparity in age of the contracting parties, for a girl in her teens will often be betrothed to a man old enough to be her grandfather, and as likely as not to one whom she has never before met.

Mr. Colum has not taken a return ticket from Paris, London, or Dublin, to the heart of Ireland in search of "copy," nor has he passed by the priest, in pursuit of a fairy. He claims that the life which he describes may stand for the life of the Catholic peasantry, and his claim is just. He does not blunder after the new Irish Convention with the assertion that a belief in the fairies implies Paganism. He knows the spiritual life of the people too intimately for that. "What are the fairies?" he asked a blind wanderer. "I will tell you what the fairies are," was the answer. "God moved from His seat, and when He turned round Lucifer was in it. Then Hell was made in a minute. God moved His hand and swept away thousands of angels. And it was in His mind to sweep away thousands more. 'O, God Almighty, stop!' said the Angel Gabriel. 'Heaven will be swept clean out.' 'I'll stop,' said God Almighty. 'Them that are in Heaven, let them remain in Heaven; them that are in Hell, let them remain in Hell, and them that are between Heaven and Hell let them remain in the air. And the angels that remained between Heaven and Hell are the fairies.'"

They are the old gods of the Celts. The attitude of the people toward them is expressed in the charm that is uttered in Arran.

> "We accept their protection
> And we refuse their removal
> Their backs to us
> Their faces from us
> Thro' the death and passion
> Of our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Mr. Colum is an outspoken critic of evils whether of home origin or imposed by what is practically a foreign government. He is naturally indignant that every year Ireland has to contribute £1,400,000 for the upkeep of 11,000 soldiers, called the Royal Irish Constabulary, a sum largely in excess of the grant for national education. That the latter is totally inadequate, Dr. Starkie, the Resident Commissioner of Education, recently declared at Cork, in a speech as remarkable for its courageous outspokenness as for its eloquence and patriotism, adding significantly that if the grants were stereotyped, as is foreshadowed in the Home Rule Bill, the cause of Irish education would be put back a century.

"My Irish Year" is an epitome of Irish life. It is inevitably a sad book, because it is true, and there are passages, such as Grania's *wake* or last dancing party before she sets out for America, which wring the heart almost too poignantly. But there is laughter as well as tears, and a new word has been added to the vocabulary of the Irish peasantry, and that word is Hope.

H. A. HINKSON.

Irish Parliament House, College Green. Now the Bank of Ireland

From a drawing by Miss Myra K. Hughes, reproduced in "My Irish Year" (Mills & Boon) by permission of the artist.

* "My Irish Year." By Padraic Colum. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

DOSTOIEVSKY ONCE MORE.*

To that revival of interest in Dostoievsky of which I recently spoke in THE BOOKMAN added testimony appears in the shape of Merejkovsky's familiar essay, translated by Mr. G. A. Mounsey, and produced as a charming pocket volume by Mr. Moring. Described exactly, the subject of the essay is the art of Dostoievsky as shown in his best and best-known book, "Crime and Punishment"; and its very limitation of range is likely to commend the little treatise to the English general reader, who knows just that one novel, and would be puzzled, perhaps, rather than instructed, by references to names and incidents in the remoter works. The translation reads smoothly enough, though I think (pedantically, no doubt), that Mr. Mounsey ought to avoid such a slovenly use of the plural as "Turgenev is less of a psychologist than are Leo Tolstoy or Dostoievsky." Moreover, a knowledge of Russian literature need not prevent an Englishman from being familiar with English. Thus, on two occasions, Mr. Mounsey refers darkly to a mysterious character of Byron's called "Kean." "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" we know; "The Corsair" and "Manfred" we have heard of; but who is this that comes with histrionic style and title? The explanation, I suppose, is that Mr. Mounsey has transliterated the Russian form of "Cain" into "Kean"—no great crime, perhaps, did the mistake not indicate rather less knowledge of Byron than anyone who writes should have. Has the Pilgrim of Eternity wandered so far onward out of our sight that we have forgotten the very names of his poems?

No objection, certainly, can be raised to the English into which Mrs. Garnett has put "The Brothers Karamazov," first of the new complete set that Mr. Heinemann promises to to issue. All prosperity to his enterprise! Indeed, if our bookmen still have consciences in this morally difficult age of commerce they will simply be bound to buy this volume; for does not the publisher offer them eight hundred and forty pages of excellently printed and excellently translated Russian classic literature for three-and-six, that is, at the rate of twenty pages a penny? The force of cheapness could no further go! I wonder whether, as a point of tactics, "The Brothers Karamazov," Dostoievsky's last novel, was the wisest choice as a beginning. There is this in its favour: it is probably the least known of all his works; no other really full translation exists—the French version, in which most of us knew it, being incomplete and unreliable; it is concerned fully with many of those difficulties of criminal psychology that Dostoievsky loved to unravel; and it contains a set of extraordinarily vivid characters that could come from no country but Russia. On the other hand, the book is formless, protracted and obscure, and it may easily prove forbidding to the reader whose idea of Russian fiction has been formed by the less authentically autochthonous Turgenev or the clear and universal Tolstoy. However, there it is! and if the reader finds its opening slow and confused, I can only counsel him to have patience. I suggest, by the way, to Mrs. Garnett, that a list of the characters with the variants of their names would be distinctly helpful.

Merejkovsky, like most other critics, cannot resist the temptation to label the three great Russian novelists with the obvious epithets; and so, with him, Tolstoy is the prophet, Turgenev the artist and Dostoievsky the psychologist. Now such labels are very harmless and amusing to play with, as long as they do not mislead us. Here, however, and especially in the case of Tolstoy, it is plain that they do mislead us. The obvious implication is that there is some sort of mutual exclusiveness about prophet and artist, or about artist and psychologist; or, at any rate (if that is going too far) that because Tolstoy was a moralist he was therefore less of an artist than Turgenev. In other words, it is assumed that if a writer is a prophet he cannot be an artist, and if he is an artist he cannot be a prophet. How the people whose commonest possession is the Book containing Isaiah, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ezekiel, and the Parables of Jesus; how the countrymen of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Bunyan and Blake can allow themselves to be bullied into sheepishly and tacitly assenting to a proposition that asserts a contradiction between literature and prophesy passes my utmost efforts of comprehension. It seems to me just as sensible to say that my bookcase is only a bookcase when there are no books in it, or that my kit-bag ceases to be a kit-bag as soon as it has suits and shirts in it, as to say that literature is only artistic when it conveys no message. Literature being the art of saying, such criticism comes to this: that literature only says something when it says nothing and says it rather prettily. The confusion comes from our stupid habit of talking about words instead of about things, the habit that is responsible for nearly all the fallacies and empty arguments in art, politics and religion. It ought to be obvious, even to the people who say that Tolstoy is a prophet but that Turgenev is an artist, that Tolstoy, merely as an artist, is greater than either Turgenev or Dostoievsky. Really, it is time that people stopped talking about the author of "Anna Karénina," of "War and Peace," of "Ivan Ilyitch," of "Resurrection," and of numberless perfect short stories, as if he had written nothing but four-page tracts for a missionary society. If you have any doubts about the artistic greatness of Tolstoy, take this book of Dostoievsky's as a text to study. Compare it with "Anna Karénina" which is just as long, or with "War and Peace," which is twice as long, and you will be compelled to acknowledge that in mastery of structure, texture, characterisation and economy, that is, in mere novelistic technique apart from any question of ethics, Dostoievsky is hardly worthy to unloose the latchet of the master's shoes. Wonderful as it is, "The Brothers Karamazov" can scarcely be called a novel at all. It is like a great mosaic floor inlaid over its vast surface with homiletic symbols and with lonely, detached figures of men and women in the wild attitudes of their soul's agony.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Dostoievski: From the Russian of Merejkovski." By G. A. Mounsey. 1s. 6d. net. (Alexander Moring.)

"The Brothers Karamazov." A Novel in Four Parts and an Epilogue, by Fyodor Dostoievsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. (William Heinemann.)

A CHAPLET OF PEARLS.*

Mr. Luther Munday has compressed at least three books into one—three books that would each have made the fortune of their author. As a volunteer gunner he has had experience of the sea, and loathes it. As a volunteer river policeman he has watched "The Bridge of Sighs" at night or rowed noiselessly up to the portholes of suspicious craft. He knows all the joys and sorrows of a Ceylon tea-planter's life before rubber began to boom. Like Ruskin's fishing boat, he has made his way against the "fitful, implacable smiting" of the black waves of misfortune. Failure to transform himself into a popular *basso profundo* did not daunt him, and he turns his bitter disappointment to humorous account by giving a long list of all the flatly contradictory maxims poured into his unfortunate ear by his teachers.

Wherever he was, whatever he suffered, he exercised his invaluable art or instinct for friendship; and so he came at length to find safe anchorage for his storm-tossed boat for a time in the secretariat of the Lyric Club. There he met everybody who was distinguished in the world of intellect. Something is said about everybody. The book is almost a "Who's Who," a humorous, entirely charitable collection of thumb-nail sketches.

From the Lyric Club it was a short step to stage management, and some of his most racy pages—and at least three-quarters of them are racy—are devoted to this

* "A Chronicle of Friendships." By Luther Munday. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

topic. Read the history of the skeleton performance, a copyright performance, of "Trilby":—

"I took the part of Svengali: the charwoman read the part of 'Trilby' in boots and stockings, so she may or may not have had inverted dimples on her little pink toes."

Read, too, the inimitable account of the command performance at Balmoral, and the subsequent rush across 600 miles of sea and land to Dublin.

It is said of some geniuses that there is no subject they take up that they do not illuminate. We may say equally of Mr. Luther Munday that there is no personality he introduces us to that he does not exalt in our esteem. A delightful picture is drawn of Sir Charles Wyndham's generosity, and of Sir Herbert Tree, "who never thought in threepenny-bits." Not to be soon forgotten is the memory of Terriss getting the barmaid to write his signature with suitable variations on photographs of himself, forwarded for the purpose by languishing ladies, whose affections were thus wilfully beguiled. A whole chapter is devoted to paradoxical apothegms on the affections, and it is interesting to note that before "Cyrano de Bergerac" saw the light Mr. Munday performed that hero's task for an enamoured, but not highly-gifted, friend and was nearly found out. Amid the host of stories that coruscate in these pages, one, which especially shows the heart of the man, concerns a 'tiniest little Tich performing mite," who behind the scenes at the Alhambra was seen to "kneel down, pray, and cross herself before commencing her dangerous turn."

Lafayette.

Luther Munday, 1896.

From "A Chronicle of Friendships" by Luther Munday (Werner Laurie).

THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET.*

What Mr. Masefield has already achieved is, when one thinks of it, extraordinary. The difficulties against which he has had to contend, before arriving at any adequate and consistent expression, must have been enormous. Most men, dowered with such a temperament, would never have become artists at all, though they would have dreamed of doing so all their days, and would certainly have made little else of their lives. For here obviously (judging him only by the written word) is a man singularly open to influences, reacting to every stimulus.

John Davidson, in perhaps the finest poem he ever wrote, describes the poet as

> A mouthpiece for the creeds of all the world. . . .
> A martyr for all mundane moods to tear. . . .
> A trembling lyre for every wind to sound.

But the poet, if in conception he be a slave, must in creation be a master. Though he be receptive of all influences, swayed by every mood, he must be able to cry halt to mood and influence. Otherwise, they will swirl and eddy past him, and be gone before he has spoken the word that shall make them his captives. The poem will never be written.

That Mr. Masefield has this mastery need not be said. For his poems have been written. But in reading them one becomes aware how sensitive, how receptive, how fluid a nature they express. Always Masefield's, never imitative, they yet call to mind the verses of numerous other men, chiefly of those who, young in the 'nineties, were slightly Mr. Masefield's seniors. And one gets inevitably the impression that that necessary command of mood has come with more difficulty to him than to most writers of his executive ability.

Nor is this all. Not only has he had to stand braced against the wind of outer influence, but he has also had an inner conflict to settle. There are two John Masefields, no easy mates. The one loves passionately the stars, great waters with their ships, woman's loveliness, and all the ageless beauties of art. The other is as passionately concerned with the piteous problems of life as it is lived, with poverty and harlotry and crime. In others, besides Mr. Masefield, these two are housed and combative. But rarely are they so evenly matched as in him.

The failure to persuade these antagonists to harmony is the cause of all the fault that can be found with most of his work. In his earlier poems his fight was mainly with the outer influences and the love of beauty was constantly predominant. Then, in some of his lyrics and some of his yarns of the sea, one side of his personality found exquisite expression. But in the more ambitious works of later years, when the clash of diverse characters has called into play the whole of their creator's temperament, this unreconciled duality has too often been evident. Because of it "The Street of To-day" fell, literally, into halves.

Even "The Tragedy of Nan," that lovely play, suffers. Synge, as interested in life as his friend, saw it calmly and synthetically, so that it is never possible to divide his realism from his poetry. Mr. Masefield sees, as it were, creatively with one eye, analytically with the other, so that the beauty and reality in his work seem separate things, linked rather than fused. It is this which places "Nan" on a lower plane of achievement than "Riders to the Sea."

By this lack of unity between the two qualities, each is stultified and given the semblance of insincerity. Yet it is his sincerity alone which has saved the power of Mr. Masefield's hand from frustration. It has made him steadfast against the fitful gusts without. By its means he has driven gradually down to the meeting-place which

* The Widow in the Bye Street. By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

there must be for any two qualities, however diverse, having their roots in one being.

"The Widow in the Bye Street" marks the discovery of that meeting-place. That, rather than the special breadth of its appeal, is the reason why it is the finest of all that Mr. Masefield has yet written. "The Everlasting Mercy" is an arresting poem, but in it the old conflict is still apparent. It contains passages of purely lyrical beauty which have no counterpart in "The Widow in the Bye Street." It also contains passages open to a charge of mere crude realism which cannot be brought against the later poem. In "The Widow in the Bye Street" all Mr. Masefield's passionate love of loveliness is utterly fused with the violent and unlovely story, which glows with an inner harmony. The poem, it is true, ends on a note of idyllism which recalls Theocritus; but this is no touch of external decoration. Inevitably the story has worked towards this culmination. Through the anxious mother's early fears and their realisation when the evil woman comes into her boy's life, through the boy's passion, his moral disintegration, his jealousy and sudden irrevocable crime, through his purification by suffering and the mother's final happy madness, we are carried unquestioning to this lovely picture of the reapers singing in the Shropshire fields. The poem is full of intimate felicities, but the beauty of the whole forbids their extraction. At last Mr. Masefield has given his complex temperament adequate, synthetic expression.

Art is an expression of personality; but the personality as well as the expression offers itself for judgment. There are, it may be, those who dislike Mr. Masefield's attitude towards life; who think that an artist, at any rate, should be more confident and gay, a creator of beauty entirely, a prober of disease not at all. Mr. Masefield's synthesis will not satisfy them. Yet to have found that synthesis, to have made his disgust of ugliness, as well as his love of beauty, creative, is his distinction; and his intense desire for a noble and seemly world is one of the fine things of modern literature.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE THREE BRONTËS.*

The Brontë literature grows with uncomfortable luxuriance, and it would be wise for the "experts" to moderate their activities unless and until they have something of importance to say. Miss Sinclair who has already written a small book has now written a larger one. She tells us that its composition was "hard and terrible" for her; and that she had already said nearly all that she had to say. This confession of the author of a book of two hundred and fifty pages is not an auspicious beginning, but the book contains some excellent matter notwithstanding. Her judgments of those who have preceded her as critics of the household of genius at Haworth are sometimes severe and not always consistent. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is rightly characterised as "a masterpiece" (p. 36), and "the finest, tenderest portrait of a woman that it was ever given to a woman to achieve" (p. 47). One of the best passages in Miss Sinclair's book is that in which she describes the effect upon her, when a child, of reading the book. Yet Mrs. Gaskell is accused of "indiscretions" and of "having repaid" Mr. Brontë "shockingly" for the confidence he had placed in her (p. 10). Madame Duclau is reproved for reviving Branwell's story of his adulterous passion, and the Abbé Dimnet for persisting in believing in that scandal. "It is inconceivable that Mrs. Gaskell should have dragged the pitiful and shameful figure of Branwell into the light" (p. 41) Miss Sinclair thinks. On the contrary it is inconceivable that any honest biographer should omit the sordid figure of Branwell from the tragic scene. Swinburne is not only blamed for thinking that Charlotte did not care for children, but the opposite is declared to be the key to her character. Miss Sinclair in her text (p. 115) says that Charlotte had read Balzac, and in a footnote on the same page owns that she had not. The error is unimportant for, as she adds, there were "the clever, wicked, sophistical, and immoral French books" that Charlotte had read in 1840. But is it not part of our national "make-believe" that the existence of sexual sin could then, if not now, only be learned from foreign literature? At what historical period could people live in England and not be aware of its existence? The moorland district in which the three Brontës lived and the England of which it was part was not Arcadia ethically, nor was it Utopia socially. Branwell's vices were flagrant and unconcealed, and his sisters had no reason for disbelieving the story of guilty love which he told them, and which Charlotte repeated to Mrs. Gaskell. Miss Sinclair thinks that Branwell's case was pathological; but whatever it may have been at the end, it was not so at the beginning. The boy's early talent led father and sisters alike to look upon him as the genius and hope of the family. What is left of his writing does not justify their high estimate of his powers, but in spite of immaturity there is still some promise. The early performances of the sisters are in striking contrast to the final splendours. In each case there was fire beneath the smoke. If whilst there was still time Branwell had forsworn alcohol and had listened to his better angel there would have been a wondrous lightening of the gloom in the dreary parsonage house, and for him at least a useful career instead of the squalid tragedy of his wasted life. But it was not to be. Mr. Malham-Dembleby's fantastic theory that Charlotte was the author of "Wuthering Heights" is not shared by Miss Sinclair, who holds that it was the reading of that story that awakened the fire of genius that flames in "Jane Eyre." When Charlotte, at Manchester, in attendance on her then blind father, received back the MS. of "The Professor" with a request for a longer story she immediately began to write "Jane Eyre" in response to that suggestion. In "The Professor" she depended upon her Brussels experience, in "Jane Eyre" on genius and native invention. Such in effect is Miss Sinclair's theory. It is one of the substantial contributions which this volume makes. Another is that some at least of the episodes of the lost "Gondal Chronicles" are to be found in the poems which by the skill and industry of Mr. Clement Shorter are now in the hands of the public. She thinks that he has not "quite realized the splendour of his find." This is a very unusual fault to find with the editor of a literary discovery. In 1845 Emily and Anne were on one of the few journeys of their lives. "And during our excursion we were Ronald Macalgin, Henry Angora, Juliet Augusteena, Rosabella Esmaldan, Ella and Julian Egremont, Catharine Navarre and Cordelia Fitzaphnold, escaping from the palaces of instruction to join the Royalists who are hard pressed at present by the victorious Republicans. The Gondals still flourish bright as ever." The sisters had then left girlhood behind them, but still allowed their imagination to play in the childish fancy of imaginary realms of kingly splendour and vicissitude. Miss Sinclair has done well to call special attention to these episodical poems, for they raise the Gondal legend from mere puerility to something of tragic force.

Of the three Brontës it is evident that Emily makes the strongest appeal to the sympathies of Miss Sinclair, and the best of the book is that which deals with the spirit, austere and aloof, which flamed steadfastly in "Wuthering Heights." It is a pity that Miss Sinclair has not bestowed a more rigid revision and a sterner compression on her "appreciation," but it contains matter for which Brontë students will be grateful and suggestions that cannot be ignored. It may be doubted if full justice has yet been done to Anne, but Miss Sinclair's estimate of Charlotte has something of freshness and that of Emily is finely conceived and finely expressed.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* "The Three Brontës." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A NEW SATIRIST.*

Possibly among the multitudinous admirers of Lord Byron there are some who would have given much to know his attitude with reference to motors, auction-bridge and the gigantic modern shop. For 3s. 6d. net they now have got the opportunity to learn not only these but many other matters from the bard who graciously admits his brother to a place beside him in the sun :

" *Maestro* ! hast thou used them all ? Hast toyed
With every sound that rolls a stanza fleeter ?
Must I—whose songs on stronger wings are buoyed,
Sounder of technique, and in scansion sweeter—
Outstretch these hands across the sundering void
To rape once more the magic of that metre
Which thou, combining *utile cum dulci*,
Did'st bone from my lamented *confrère* Pulci ? "

Mr. Frankau, in so far as he is not that heavenly creature, warbling because it must—does he not tell us of his Muse, the Microbe-muse, that :

" Vainly the lactic Lancers of Bulgary
Strive to evict her from my little Mary "—

is the son of that well-known authoress, one of whose books is called " The Heart of a Child." May we presume that at no stage of his interesting development was Mr. Frankau (or his hero, Jack, which is much the same) anything like an ordinary child ?

" The hero whom I sing is commonplace,
One of the many boys the Bath Club bar knows "—

Well, he is the only one who has discovered that the Bath Club, among its numerous amenities, is furnished with a bar. We will pass over his terrific, tragic episode at Eton. But no, for the sake of one glorious rhyme we must quote a stanza on the Fourth of June :

" My hero's parents patronized the function,
Proud of their child as they that rear on Mellin.
They'd journeyed overnight from Sidmouth Junction,
Father and mother and fair sister Helen ;
Haling Aunt Ermyntrude without compunction
From her herbaceous hermitage at Welwyn ;
Heedless that bonnet, parasol and bodice ill
Became the day, so she would add a codicil."

After his expulsion Jack goes forth to meet a dozen fates and Elsa Pumpernickel's environment is not more shrewdly told than that of Susie, Mame and Marion Vermont, daughters of a Butter Trust :

" So that Mame paled and Marion grew dumb
And Susie's lips forgot their chewing-gum."

From New York, to save him from the wiles of Prudence Swift, these charming sisters drag him off to Florida. But you will not read this novel for its plot, its antiquated, modern plot. You will revel in the rhymes, the edifying details, the occasional glimpses of beauty, the pervading satire, the —— in fact you certainly will read this book. It is perfect entertainment, and if you should hesitate to give it to your aunts, they surely will be reconciled by the most generous death of Ermyntrude, which happened just in time to save our hero from committing suicide :

" Truth is, that public whom we bards deride,
Yet pander to, is tired of suicide."

From this book one may learn not only how to live and how to die, but how to play poker and how to love (with variations) and how to play most other games. The opening of the Great Shop is thus immortalized :

" Howl, Harrod, howl ! Let Gordon Selfridge wail !
Mingle your tears with Wooland's, William Whiteley !
Lord Mayors, nor Concert-teas, nor Great White Sale,
Nor shopmen serving never so politely,
Nor any Bargain Basement, shall avail
To raise the takings you weep over nightly ;
Since London waked to read that black decree,
' Our Opening Week—All Wares Eleven-Three.'

" Panting they tore from Wandsworth's leafy glades,
From Streatham's hill where chapel nigh to church is,
From Walton's pines and Ilford's soapy shades,
From Sundridge Park embowered of silver birches :
Married and mateless—mothers—spinster maids,
Letting lone parrots languish on their perches—
By tram and tube and train and taxi-cab
The women of a nation came to grab."

* " One of Us : A Novel in Verse." By Gilbert Frankau. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

As for the plot, we may mention that the owner of this shop is the Napoleonic, Transatlantic husband of Prudence Swift. However in the end all is peace. Our hero comes back to the " cocoa-kisses " of the charming Alice, whose vast estates march with his own in Devon, and we may surmise —we are expressly told that it is the part of lesser authors to conduct their puppets to the altar—we may well surmise that, in a little time, our Jack will be behaving even as his amiable, ruthless father saw fit to behave in Canto IX., when the prodigal came back from Cuba. I would fain quote both the wind and whirlwind. The fish, etc., of their orgy in Havana —" Followed strange fish, most hard to rhyme and scan "—does not cause us more delight than the beautiful description of the monster trout of Devon, which he captures in the presence of Alice. And many hundred readers will be captured by Mr. Frankau.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

DEEP SEAS AND SHALLOW.

A few pages of Commander Crutchley's really interesting autobiography* are enough to make us understand that he is one of the old-time " sea dogs "—one of a breed that was, irrespective of late disasters, more efficient, more eager to bite and tenacious in holding on, than the present breed is. Again and again he shows us this fact, shortly, saltily, personally ; yet, happily, in a manner that neither reflects a ship's log-book, a telegraphic message, nor the quick, stop-short verbal habits of certain professional writers who aim at being strong and original and cannot understand why they are not granted a public diploma of success for either quality. And if the Commander's English could have been better than it is, if it were less colloquial and more literary, more as the purist would have it be—what of that ? Here we have the actions, the man and his reflections on both, and on many other men and things, and a few women, who come and go in his pages, all done in a manner that—well, the best simile that comes to mind at the moment is that the record is very like sailing (from being close hauled nearly to running) in a strong breeze, rather " puffy," and bright sunlight, along a wide, erratic stream with many a sandbank, many a half-submerged rock and many a sharp turn to increase the excitement of the run. You have the warm sunshine ; the quick change in circumstances ; the exhilaration of movement ; the danger ; the sang-froid of men who revel in the game, yet are not cynical to the fact that they may go over at any moment, and who are faced with the ever-pressing question : Shall we—will he—get there ? Indeed, the rocks, shoals and bends in the channel come so quickly on each other's heels, and are often of too large a nature for inclusion here, that one is puzzled what to break out as samples of the ship's cargo. However, here is a simple little bit, apropos the above " doggy " preference. The place is Cape Town, some thirty or thirty-five years ago, apparently ; and the immediate scene, the cabin of the s.s. *Roman*.

" On the return trip from Algoa Bay we went into dock to complete loading, and there occurred an incident I shall always remember with amusement. Leigh (who appears to have been Warleigh, the captain) had taken under his protection a curious specimen of a pariah dog that used to prowl round the docks, and the poor beast was rather at a loss to understand the vast amount of consideration shown him. He was permitted to sleep in his master's cabin, and generally was made a pet. One night after dinner, when we had a young fellow named Hanbury dining with us, Leigh had retired to his cabin, got into his pyjamas, and prepared to go to sleep, attended by the faithful hound. Now, as it happened, Hanbury had a dog also, a bull terrier, and as Garrett, Hanbury and I went to say good night to Leigh, the dog came also. No sooner did he catch sight of the stray dog than he went for him, and the next moment the two were

* " My Life at Sea : Being a ' Yarn ' Loosely Spun for the Purpose of Holding together certain Reminiscences of the Transition Period from Sail to Steam in the British Mercantile Marine (1863–1894)." By Commander W. Caius Crutchley, R.D., R.N.R., F.R.G.S. With a Preface by Earl Brassey, G.C.B. With Twelve Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

on the top of Leigh in his bunk, indulging in a wonderful scuffle. It was a trifle difficult to differentiate between barks and yells, for Leigh under the dogs was yelling to Garrett to take the dogs away, and that was eventually done—when we were able to stop laughing."

Just as there is always room and a welcome for the life yarn of the sailor who can make the spinning both literary and salty, as Commander Crutchley does, so there was room for Mr. Methley's story of the lifeboat,* which, from its very nature and purpose hardly lends itself to quotation. We have had the coming, development, etc., of the lifeboat done before to-day. But the present one is not merely more up-to-date than the others were; it is more concise, better written, better constructed, has more finish generally and goes further afield. After a notable salvage of life from a wreck, and even when a lifeboat's crew have been at drill only, one often hears the remark: "Whatever did they do before there were lifeboats?" And to all and sundry here is Mr. Methley's answer: "It is related that after the hurricane of 1703, the worst perhaps on record, some two hundred shipwrecked sailors were stranded on the Goodwins, with the certainty of speedy death by drowning when the tide rose. The Mayor of Deal called upon the 'hovellers' and boatmen to assist in their rescue, but, so the story runs, they were too busy saving a rich harvest of floating and stranded property. The Revenue men were appealed to, but they refused to lend their boats on the grounds that they were not intended for such service. At last the devoted Mayor called together a band of his fellow townsmen, seized the Customs' boats by force, and launched them to the rescue." And from what we have read generally and have seen we find no reason to doubt this story. Moreover, it shows, to some extent, how very modern the lifeboat is, and what strides have been made in its development since Wouldhave and Greathead—both "Tynesiders"—competed to produce the first idea of a practical lifeboat, the former man being successful and the latter not so.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE HOLIDAY NOVEL.†

We have come to the time of year when Pierrot is King: not the white-faced innocent, the futile rival of Harlequin; but the seaside gentleman with a banjo who happens not to be a nigger. The influence of Pierrot is everywhere; and the book-trade knows it. While our seashore songsters are singing the ditties that are tiresome and winning the silver pennies of the crowd, there is little desire for serious reading. All that man wants is holiday idleness, a supply of cooling drinks, and the literature that does not furrow the brain unduly. There is an ample supply of such. Here are seven novels calculated to please all tastes. Would you smile, be sympathetic, or sentimental; would you shudder, laugh, or be serious—and how serious farce may be!—or would you merely enjoy? All these emotions may be experienced in this summer library of seven.

Mr. Thomas Cobb gives us a characteristic novel in "The Voice of Bethia," It will be described by many as "pretty"; and, truly, that is just the adjective for this particular book. Bethia is a dear girl; as sweet, beautiful and unselfish a clergyman's daughter as ever gave a three-penny-bit to a churchwarden's plate. Being one of seven sisters she goes into an office to earn her living, but soon finds herself unsuited to the artistry of the type-machine. However, the luck that looks after the lovely, looks well after her. There is a blind man who needs the companionship of a sympathetic soul, to read to him and help him through the ordeal of his darkness. Bethia suits; eventually there are wedding-bells. We pass on to a volume of more serious intent, but of similar tendency, by our good friend, Mrs. Croker. The title, "The Serpent's Tooth," is suggested by King Lear's complaint of the ingratitude of his daughters. On this occasion it is Cara Blagdon who is ungrateful; and really there is not a little excuse for that blazing and bounding child. Her mother, when only seventeen, had been married through the devices of a scheming aunt to a rake. She is crude and he is a blackguard, though his naughtiness is rather overdone. Very soon the marriage is a failure, as the Silly Season correspondent would say. Letty, the wife, then makes a serious mistake, and in spite of her innocence is divorced, turned out, removed from her child; is alone, yet ever lovely. Eventually she steals her daughter and endures years of privation with a patience which does not impress us as it ought to do, until——the end! Mrs. Croker has written the story with care, and it will amuse the holiday-maker, but it tends to become tedious and her characters are too monotonously good or bad as the case may be. But what shall we say of "The Silent Valley"? Here is a house party of six or seven who deserve to have their heads well knocked together. They talk—how they talk! They pose—how they pose! They spout minor poetry by the prosaic mile. Let us not be unjust. This is one of the most conscientious books published. Miss Childe-Pemberton has tried really hard to make a company of would-be clever people interesting, but they would not! She has done her level best; but the characters are too much for her. They fill the silent valley with the noise of words; talking cloudily of art and poetry and life, always with their eye on the camera and the readers that may be. To meet them in real life—Eugene, Averil, Jocelyn—but that would be too painful! Let us fly to what sanctuary we may find in "The Room of Mirrors." A shocker! A shocking shocker; shocking because its end is nothing! It is for all the world like a sham fight with mock casualties, wherein after much confusion and banging, the slain arise and walk away as if they had not been through the astounding experience of death. Mr. Flowerdew thrills us repeatedly; and if he had managed a concluding great surprise, as he should have done, we might have jumped with joy. There is a novelist, Auguste Zant, who is a monster for achieving reality. To imagine is not enough for him; he wants to study the effects of horrors through experience, and so induces a poor young man—we hope it is not the person portrayed on the cover, who is not nearly nice-looking enough!—to come to his house and be a subject of creepy experiments. There, with snakes and a typist, Zant works on the nerves and the feelings of the poor young man, until we feel we really do want to know the why and the wherefore of it all; and thereupon find there is neither wherefore nor why. There is one characteristic about these summer books; they cause us to fly eagerly to the next on the list. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has so much acumen, literary experience, and skill, that we open with confidence his "sheer comedy"—which is more like farce, but we will not quarrel about sub-titles—"The Panel," and, reading it, feel gradually less confident. This is not worthy of Mr. Hueffer. It has literary quality, without doubt; is as frivolous and light-hearted as a book of its type should be; but "The Fifth Queen" and other of his works insist on pointing a contrast. The story is one of the knock-about character. Thanks to a sliding picture and a mysterious doorway it is possible for persons in a house-party to visit each other's bedrooms; and so it comes about that a fascinating major has no less than four ladies in his room in the course of one evening. Be not nervous, gentle reader! Mr. Hueffer in this book is quite proper. He is spirited also, and sometimes, in the earlier part especially, is amusing; so that for idle days and heat waves, when it is almost too tiring to reach the quenching drink, and the brain is not feeling very intellectual, "The Panel," will do.

Having written so far, we realize that our review of these summer books has been not uproariously joyous; but now we can rejoice. The sixth dish in this literary banquet is

* "The Lifeboat and Its Story." By Nöel T. Methley, F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "The Voice of Bethia." By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)—"The Serpent's Tooth." By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Silent Valley: An Episode." By Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton. 6s. (Constable.)—"The Room of Mirrors." By Herbert Flowerdew. 2s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"The Panel: A Sheer Comedy." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Constable.)—"The Friar of Wittenberg." By William Stearns Davis. 6s. (Macmillan.)

a very fine historical novel, treating of Luther and his part in the Reformation. "The Friar of Wittenberg," is a most admirable romance, even brilliant in its telling and portraiture. Although treating of a period which still may rouse the angers miscalled religious it is liberal in spirit and can only trouble the determinately fanatical. It has a few slips and, here and there, an Americanism peeps out; but, taken all through, it is something—a rare thing—for which we can cordially thank the United States, a moving, well-written, inspiring and uplifting romance.

L.

FOUR FRENCH ADVENTURERS.*

If the famous incident of the Koepenick tailor did not remind one that "big wigs" can be successfully impersonated even at the present day it would be hard to believe the record of the four French charlatans which Mr. Dewey has so graphically set forth. All four men live in or about the Napoleonic period, and all four displayed an enterprise and daring of imagination to which the Tichborne or the Druce claimants could never pretend. The most amusing record, perhaps, is that of the "ingenious Monsieur Collet," whose impersonations are bewilderingly numerous. At one moment he was a simple Neapolitan parish priest, at another Monseigneur Pasqualini, an Italian bishop; now he was the spurious Marquis Dada, and now again the Inspector-General Count Charles Alexander de Borromeo reviewing troops and gratifying his dupes with promises that they should receive the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. The sums of money that he stole or borrowed on false pretences were enormous, and Mr. Dewey mentions it as a curious fact that although Collet was repeatedly searched when in prison he was never without ready money to his hand. Pierre Coignard, the second of these impostors, was a man of a different type. Having assumed the name of the Comte de Pontis de Sainte-Hélène he proved himself to be a genuinely fine soldier and rendered the Spanish General Mina such distinguished services that he was decorated for his gallantry. Subsequently he passed into the French service and became a trusted and honoured officer in Marshal Soult's army. After the fall of Napoleon the Count won the high favour of Louis XVIII., and it is with a feeling akin almost to regret that we read of his having been eventually exposed as the ex-convict Coignard and as the author of various crimes. He appears to have been a man of considerable dignity, and, if his fate was well-deserved, Mr. Dewey's account of his trial shows clearly enough that justice was meted out in the France of those days in a most injudicial fashion. Charles of Navarre, as the next of these impostors is called, does not cut a very interesting figure. He had, to be sure, adventures enough and to spare, but the impression which one gets from Mr. Dewey's narrative is that the man himself was almost indifferent as to whether he succeeded in establishing his claim to be Louis XVII. The last study is of the lives of Louis and Anna de Marsilly. Both man and woman were adventurers of the gallant type dear to the writer of the "shilling shocker," and their extraordinary career has, as Mr. Dewey points out, a timely interest owing to the persistence of Carlists in Spain and Miguelists in Portugal down to our own times.

* "Four French Adventurers." By Stoddard Dewey. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

THE BEGINNING OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.*

The publication in English of the first half of the authoritative biography of Friedrich Nietzsche, gives students of the philosopher in this country the opportunity of being able to trace the evolution of his ideas in relation to his life. Such a proceeding would hardly be necessary in reference to the author of a merely formal philosophy, but Nietzsche is not a formal philosopher; further, he died before even completing his work, although he accomplished sufficient not only to revolutionize modern ideas, but to give us a very clear conception of his aim and outlook. These, however, are so peculiarly personal both in expression and in appeal, and they come so frankly into conflict with accepted ideals and visions, that there is a curiosity about his life, down even to its simplest habits, which in the case of most philosophers might be questionable, but in his case is more legitimate. We have a right to inquire as to the kind of man it was who gave the proud philosophy to the world which aimed at transvaluing the principles and ideals of civilization, and clearing the way for the appearance upon earth of a species as superior to man as man is to ape. Frau Förster Nietzsche, the philosopher's sister and intimate companion, is the rightful chronicler of Nietzsche's life, and in the first volume of the biography upon which she is engaged, "The Young Nietzsche," she tells her story so frankly and so sympathetically, and with such a clear

* "The Young Nietzsche." By Frau Förster Nietzsche. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Friedrich Nietzsche.
From "The Young Nietzsche," by Frau Förster Nietzsche (Heinemann).

sense of essentials, that her work is bound to win for her the thanks of a very large number of readers throughout civilization.

The life of Friedrich Nietzsche was a surprisingly simple one, and the gradual spreading of his fame hardly disturbed the even rhythm of his days. In his youth he was an enthusiastic skater and swimmer, and it is probable that had his health permitted it he would have indulged in such vigorous exercises in after years. He served his period in the Army and acquitted himself well, both in horsemanship and other soldierly duties, although it was an accident associated with the former which was an early cause of ill-health. Later, patriotism caused him to rejoin the forces during the Franco-German War, and he served on the hospital staff until sickness again drove him forth. Even during the days of his professorship at Bâle he was not averse to physical exercises. He was a good walker, and it comes as a pleasant shock to find that he took part in dances, and was considered quite an acquisition at such functions. From what his sister tells us, the erudite Professor Nietzsche must, at one time, have been looked upon as what is called "a dancing man," in the collegiate circles of Bâle. But with a fuller knowledge of his life that does not surprise so much, for, in spite of the fact that Nietzsche was a student and thinker, first and last, and naturally of a sedate habit, he was also of a cheerful and merry disposition. He and his sister got keen delight out of many innocent incidents in life, and she recounts circumstances in connection with Nietzsche's journey to Erlangen, where he was to join the ambulance staff, during the war, which reveal the high spirits of quite ordinary folk:

"Fritz was in splendid condition, radiant with health, and overflowing with life and lust of action . . . he was full of that spirit peculiar to the recruit, and in him it was all the more delightful as it was beautified by his intellect. We even sang; none of the ordinary war songs, but one which my brother had only just come across while reading the paper in the railway carriage, and which he had immediately set to music."

It is characteristic, also, that both were "very much ashamed of themselves" afterwards. But withal the light-heartedness of certain of his moods, Nietzsche's life was one of high seriousness. It was, finally, a life of thought, indeed, that very preponderance of thought was both its weakness as well as its strength, for it not only gave the world a new point of view, it broke the delicate mechanism of the brain which evolved that point of view. He possessed to an abnormal extent what he himself might have called, a will to thought, and all his life, from the early days of his school training at Pforta, down to the collapse of his intelligence, he seemed to be drilling himself for more and more intellectual power. He had little cause to cleanse his life of hampering dross, for a saintlier man never lived, but, nevertheless, he was always striving to clean away anything that might come between will and brain. He lived to think; to evolve out of himself a new culture for his nation primarily, and, secondarily, for the world. For although he was a severer critic of German culture than even Heine, he was always a German, as was proved during the war, when he abandoned the Swiss naturalization, which he had adopted for professional reasons at Bâle, and joined the colours of his own fatherland.

In many respects Nietzsche was the typical professor, but he broke away from professional habits by insisting always upon the association of life and ideas. That, doubtless, was the cause of the opposition he received from those who were admirers of his learning and mental stature. He used, deliberately, an academic training for non-academic ends, or, rather for ends with which learning, in its professional aspects, had small sympathy. Capable of abstract thought in its highest degree, he always strove to apply his theories to life, to test his abstractions by experience; and he desired others to adopt that attitude towards his work. One feels whilst reading "The Young Nietzsche" in the presence of a being which deliberately cultivates itself, so that it can express in finer and deeper terms the processes of that cultivation. Nietzsche treated his brain as a fastidious cutler might treat a knife-blade which he knows is capable of supreme hardness and sharpness, and he refines and grinds and tests it to so high a degree that it finally breaks in his hands. Frau Förster Nietzsche does not take us to the breaking point of the blade; her first volume ends with the blade at its brightest and keenest. She traces for us the growth of his mind up to the production of "The Birth of Tragedy" and "Thoughts out of Season," and right through the friendship with Richard Wagner, the termination of which properly marks the close of Nietzsche's first period.

"In his love and reverence for this man," she says, "he spent the most beautiful years of his existence, and all his loftiest hopes for the future were associated with the master's name. We can, therefore, understand with what bitter feelings he left Bayreuth; he had lost his faith in Wagner's Art, and all the glorious dreams and hopes of his youth faded through this heart-rending experience."

At that stage in his career, then, "The Young Nietzsche" fittingly closes. But the next stage, the history of which by his sister, will be awaited so keenly, is not, after all, a new stage; it does not represent a change in attitude, but a progress free of encumbrance. Wagner was not so much an influence in Nietzsche's life as an incident, a very important incident, but no more than that. What really happened was that Nietzsche read into Wagner's art his own philosophy, and both he and Wagner were under the impression, with occasional but passing doubts, that the two things were the same. The discovery of the error was inevitable sooner or later; it came in 1876, leaving Friedrich Nietzsche free to evolve Zarathustra, and Richard Wagner free to evolve Parsival.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

MR. BELLOC'S MOODS.*

Mr. Belloc's books are twins in that they make their appearance together, but they are twins most dissimilar in every fashion—from the vivid green of one to the autumnal brown of the other, from subject matter to price. It is presumably impossible to establish a standard price for works of the imagination, and these two volumes may well set readers wondering what it is that governs the fixing of the market value of a given book. It is easy to believe that five people will find entertainment in "The Green Overcoat," for every one that falls under the spell of "The Four Men." The length of the tale is but little more than that of the "farrago." Both volumes are illustrated—the cheaper one to far better purpose than the dearer, and yet the latter (after due allowance for discount) costs more than twice as much as the former. These are publishers' mysteries. Their paternal twinship is the only reason for considering them together, though in their very contrasts of theme and style may be found interesting evidence of their author's versatility, of his capacity for being himself at one time and letting himself go, as it were, in masquerade at another.

"The Green Overcoat" is a frankly ridiculous story; a long laugh, as it were, at the sensational fiction monger who piles strange happenings upon strange happenings in the working out of a mystery. In an epistle dedicatory to Mr. Maurice Baring, who made a green elephant the centre of a play, Mr. Belloc whimsically shows how much an overcoat and an elephant have in common. In the story he sets forth how strange a series of events may follow upon a professor of pyschology, finding that some one else had taken his coat, borrowing that of another guest at a party. It was, in this case, a singular overcoat—an overcoat that might have come from the wardrobe of the celebrated Green Man of Brighton—and in one of its pockets there was a fat cheque book! The wearing of the overcoat, and the temporary possession of the cheque book took Professor Higginson along strange paths—to forgery

* "The Four Men: A Farrago." By Hilaire Belloc. 2s. net. (Nelson.)—"The Green Overcoat." By Hilaire Belloc. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

and fame. It is an exuberant, almost boyishly exuberant, piece of fooling with occasional touches of satire that need not disturb the comfort of the reader who seeks but diversion. Mr. G. K. Chesterton provides a number of appropriately ridiculous illustrations.

Very different is the second of Mr. Belloc's literary twinfants; one that—to carry out the conceit—bears much more markedly the paternal characteristics. It is, to return to terms of books, a pæan in praise of Sussex, a medley of poetry and philosophy, of country lore (often, it may be, invented for the occasion) and aspects of nature, of quaint stories and the laudation of ale. In the diversity of its themes touched upon during a journey, in spirit, as it were, it reminds one of the work of a very different writer, a writer with whom Mr. Belloc has probably but little sympathy: "The Voyage on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" of Thoreau. Mr. Belloc, however, did not set out to loaf and invite his soul. The five days of which he here gives account began with a sudden resolve to see the best loved bits of Sussex again, and so, from near the Kentish border, he stepped westward, having picked up three companions, Grizzlebeard, the Sailor and the Poet, all like himself, devoted lovers of Sussex and scorners of the neighbouring counties. From Robertsbridge to Harting they walked by lanes and woods, hills and valleys, with halts at wayside inns, and as they walked they talked, uttering truths and lies, poetry and prose, in a fashion which some readers will find most engaging. Readers who are sticklers for facts, who, as Meredith put it, are "hot for certainty in this our life," will, it may well be believed, find little to attract them in a book which, to those others who would be proud to be included among Elia's "matter of lie men," should be a lasting joy. It is indeed a most engaging "farrago" that Mr. Belloc has given us in this account of a five days' walk by a fortuitous quartet of Sussexians. Whether the walk took place exactly as narrated, or whether the "Four" are but so many manifestations or projections of the writer's own individuality matters not at all. The book's the thing, and a very pleasant, healthy and arriding thing it is; a companionable book; a book that sympathetic readers will be willing to take up again and again that they may re-read of how, in the Sailor's view, all men are hunted, of the wonderful doings at the Battle of Battle, when the tailed ones of Kent fled from the onslaught of the men of Sussex, of the way in which Mr. Justice Honeybubble delivered a considered judgment in a village inn, or of how all the men of great fame of early ages died in quest of that potent drink, Sussex ale from the inn at Washington. It is a book which those will like hugely, who like it at all, and the popular price at which it is published should ensure its finding a large number of such. Freshness of humour and thought are set forth with a kind of Rabelaisian gusto. Some of the snatches of song are likely long to stick in the memory, and many men beyond the bounds of Mr. Belloc's favoured county—newly favoured in having so devoted a son—will "sing Golier." The volume has five excellent (mounted) views of Sussex scenery, and a number of dainty vignettes.

"The Green Overcoat" is a droll story to be read for a couple of hours' farcical entertainment. "Four Men" is a permanent addition to our friendly books, books for the bedside, or the pocket.

WALTER JERROLD.

Novel Notes.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Probably the working life of the London journalist, the manifold labours that go to the production of a great newspaper, the almost magical power for good or evil that is in the hands of the masters of the Press, the whole glamour and fascination of Fleet Street have never been more vividly and intimately described than they are in "Mightier than the Sword." But these, of course, are only the atmosphere and hidden or obvious influences and environment of the book; they supply the stage, the scenery,

Mr. Alphonse Courlander.

the particular world in which Humphrey Quain is to work out his destiny. At the age of twenty Humphrey arrives in London and is fortunate enough to secure a small opening on the staff of a typically modern daily paper, and it is not long before he is heart and mind absorbed in the rush and hurly-burly of a reporter's career. There is a glowing, passionate interval when love for the first time comes to him and his thoughts are filled with the image of Lilian Filmer—a pretty typist, some few years older than himself; he contrives to speak with her, to strike up a friendship which rapidly ripens into something more on both sides. Even when he sees her in her squalid home, and has glimpses of a drunken wastrel of a father hovering in the background, it only heightens his chivalry, and he is eager to marry her and lift her out of such surroundings. But he mentions his resolve to marry and the great newspaper owner, his chief, who for romantic reasons takes a special interest in him, flicks him with a scornful word or two and a curt warning that such a marriage at his age will mean the ruin of his career, and recognising the cold truth of this he braces himself to end his engagement and see Lilian no more. He is an admirably natural young man, with enthusiasm and ideals, but they are shallower than he thinks. He has already met another girl with whom Lilian contrasts very unfavourably, and who is hovering, an unconscious influence, at the back of his mind; it is not long before he is in love with her, but this is a gentler flame than the first, and he is determined that they will not marry for some years, even though she has money of her own and is anxious that he should quit the reporter's business and give himself to literature. All his ideas of happiness are made subservient to his success as a journalist, and there is a grim irony in the closing incident that renders his soaring hopes and his success futile. The characters of these two girls, of Humphrey, and of the motley throng of journalists with whom he comes in contact, are drawn with keenest insight and understanding. Apart from its brilliantly realistic study of the modern newspaper world, "Mightier than the Sword," is a poignant story of love and ambition that should add considerably to Mr. Courlander's reputation. He has done other good work, but none that is finer than this.

THE TOMBOY AND OTHERS. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Clad in scarlet, Neapolitan cap on her head set rakishly askew, it is in a punt that the Tomboy makes her boisterous appearance; and undoubtedly a punt with plenty of cushions to sprawl upon is the ideal place to enjoy this book of bubble stories. Lighter stories than these it would be difficult to find. Of the thirty which make up "The Tomboy and Others," only half-a-dozen concern the exploits of the Tomboy, whose brown, freckled face beams afresh with every new disaster or contretemps that falls to her credit. She heaps confusion on your innocent flirtations; she lures you unsuspectingly on to a slide which swerves into a deep pond; or should you join a birds'-nesting party, she gives a zest to it by vol-planing from the higher branches, and choosing your head as the spot to alight upon. Bright dialogue of the ballroom type characterises most of the other stories in the book, but perhaps most entertaining of all is the Bank Holiday study of "The Last Tram" with its delightful negro touch. "The Tomboy and Others" has made its appearance at the right time of the year—the holiday season—and a heat wave should prove its best friend.

BRIGHT SHAME. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Nobody who has followed the work of Mr. Keighley Snowden can have failed to recognise how remarkably his powers have developed and matured in his last two or three novels. His outlook on life has always been wide and thoughtful, but his style has grown clearer, terser, and his grip on his subject larger and more sure. In "Bright Shame" he takes up a curiously interesting ethical problem and handles it courageously and with a ripe knowledge of the human heart, so that, when all is said, the fact that young Frank is the son Stephen Gaunt had not known had been born to the girl he had deserted comes to be important only as it serves to furnish incidents and events that bring out the character of Stephen; of Frank himself; of Stephen's half-brother Jacob and his wife, Ruth, who adopted the boy when his mother died, and are anxious, now the one-time ne'er-do-weel Stephen has returned, that the truth about Frank's birth should not transpire. The hard, stubborn Yorkshire tradesman, Jacob, with his narrow religion and his shrewd business instincts; his wife, childless, loving, very womanly; and the brilliant, kindly, worldly-wise Stephen are admirably drawn and contrasted; and no less ably drawn on their smaller scale are Frank, and the minor people of the story. It is a story that, as Mr. Snowden observes in a postscript, "makes for more liberty of thought than the existing social order contemplates"; the sort of novel that offers a view of life for thoughtful persons to consider and a tale that will take the interest of the general reader at the outset and not lose it till the end is reached.

KINGFISHER BLUE. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When one has resolutely determined not to be balked by Mr. Sutcliffe's rather irritating trick of making his hero eternally apostrophize his friend Anthony and Anthony's wife it is possible to settle down happily to this simple, wholesome tale. Jack is filled with jealousy and hatred of Mary Ogilvie who marries the firm friend of his bachelor days, and for a long time he cannot think of her except as "The Supplanter." Little by little, however, he thaws, and he finds himself unconsciously coming under her fascination. His friend Anthony is a good-natured country squire without an atom of brain or imagination in his composition. He himself is of finer clay, and so he responds to Mary when she argues that it is his duty to join the County Council, and, later, to enter Parliament. Thus in this "threesome" it is Anthony rather than Jack who finds himself the odd man out, and this position is emphasized by the fact that Mary and Jack fall in love with each other. Both of them are, however, much too loyal to injure Anthony, and their love and personal desires are honourably renounced.

AFFAIRS OF MEN. By D. C. F. Harding. 6s. (John Long.)

"Affairs of Men," is set in a background of luxurious country and town houses, expensive motor cars, horses and traps, pompous butlers, idle young gentlemen and fascinating young ladies. A pleasant enough prospect, you will say, but in these days of prolific novel-writing not capable of very original treatment. Yet Miss D. C. F. Harding has contrived to present us with a really capable novel. Lord Gerald Strathmore, "All-British" as he is described, married the whimsical and bewitching Hebe Campbell. The arrival from abroad of two of Lord Gerald's brothers, in temperament totally different, provides the material for the story. Dick, the artistic brother, and Hebe, Gerald's wife, are irresistibly attracted one to another. Of course trouble ensues. How, profiting by sad experience, Hebe learned to love her husband more dearly, and Dick found his "white love" is for the reader to discover. Dick's wife, Joan Tate, was the daughter of his old tutor, Walter Tate, a lovable old gentleman who, bereft of his wife when his little daughter was two, had spent his life in her service, sheltering her from the world and imbuing her with artistic ideals. "Affairs of Men" is well worth reading if only for the sake of making Joan's acquaintance, and Miss Harding is to be congratulated on such a delightful creation.

INITIALS ONLY. By Anna Katharine Green. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

In this book the author of "The Leavenworth Case" treats her readers to a murder mystery worked out with no little ingenuity. Published without the solution, it may well be doubted whether it would not have defied the skill of the most astute students of mysterious crimes, even had a substantial cash prize been the reward of success. A beautiful and popular American lady—the daughter of a millionaire—falls dead in one of the public rooms in a fashionable hotel in New York. On examination it is found that she has to all appearance been stabbed to the heart. In view of the fact that no one had been seen to approach her for some considerable time before the tragedy, it is suggested that she may have been shot—the noise of the report being drowned by the music of the hotel band—but this theory is negatived by the fact that no bullet or other missile is found in the wound. The absence of any weapon near her similarly disposes of the suggestion of suicide. It is a baffling problem, ultimately solved by the aid of Sweetwater, a detective of infinite patience and resource, and his pursuit of various clues leads us into strange labyrinths and gives rise to strongly dramatic situations. The tale is lucidly told, the reader's memory is not taxed by a superabundance of characters, and the interest never flags. Anarchists, an airship, tenement life in New York—the book lacks nothing of the life and colour of modernity, and the secret of the murder—for it is a murder—is decidedly original.

THE PENITENT. By René Bazin. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Since René Bazin made a name in modern French literature by his study of peasant life, "La Terre qui Meurt," his work has been somewhat unequal. When he gets a fine theme, with a wealth of movement and colour in it, he does excellently. In "The Penitent," however, a strange and pathetic short story, peculiarly French in its circumstances, has been lengthened into a novel. M. Bazin's delicate and quiet art of composition is scarcely equal to the work of expanding an episode into long narration. He is at his best when he is reducing a crowded and violent study of life into a clear, simple and exquisitely coloured piece of literature. In a way, "The Penitent," is a further working out of the fundamental idea of "The Dying Land." The great town, with its glitter, licence and whirl of life, is shown acting with evil influence upon the peasantry, detaching them from the health and hardship of farm life, and ruining them in body and soul. The pretty wife of a Breton smallholder tries to help her husband over a period of difficulty by going as a wet nurse to a rich family in Paris. This kind of thing is very common in

France, where well-to-do women of the urban classes have for some hundreds of years been averse from undertaking one of the chief duties of motherhood. Rousseau attacked them for it in the middle of the eighteenth century: but they are now more anxious to preserve their figures than ever they were, and a large multitude of healthy young peasant women leave their husbands and their children in order to nourish the babies of rich ladies. In M. Bazin's story, the young peasant woman does not go back home. Her husband leaves the farm and tramps about the country with his motherless children, and after some years of wandering misery, he is seriously injured in an accident. Then, however, the penitent returns; and so, somewhat against the logic of a painful but true tale, a happy ending is obtained.

PHRYNETTE MARRIED. By Marthe Troly-Curtin. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Phrynette, the lively French girl whose company we have enjoyed before, is now married, but one has grave doubts whether she has settled down! She is an extraordinary little minx, who cannot understand why Austen, her English husband, should go tiger-hunting in India and leave her with her "ugly twins." She recounts all that she feels and does during his absence, and, although one sometimes begins to lose patience with her, she is so utterly frank that one can only forgive her little indiscretions. Phrynette is a true creature of impulse, a bundle of delicious femininity, whose humour is as fresh as it is genuine. She has an extremely lively imagination, which now and then runs riot, and as a consequence she occasionally indulges in absurd escapades and some very free opinions. Her greatest adventure, when she goes on an "unsentimental journey," turns, fortunately for Phrynette, into nothing but farce, for, although it seems a "simple thing" to elope, "one cannot imagine into what inconvenient situations it may drag one." She finds a refuge with dear old Dr. Médor, who has a habit—which will be shared by the reader—of laughing when Phrynette talks "serious thoughts."

THE BLUE BIRD'S-EYE. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)

There is a freshness and vigour of life in "The Blue Bird's-Eye" that make it seem a very oasis in the desert of average new fiction. There is nothing involved or particularly ingenious in the plot; the charm of the book lies in its characterisation and in the strong and breezy simplicity of its story. The interest of it is quickened and it gets a tang of added excitement from the cunningly easy abduction of Rosa Dering by the raffish and rascally Colonel Darleigh, and the headlong pursuit of her by her father, Sir John, her lover, Captain Harry Trevelyan, and the gipsy girl who is the means of putting them on her track; but the main force of the story lies in the terrific prize-fight between the Game Chicken and the Young Ruffian—in the strenuous preparations for this great event, in Dering's unscrupulous attempts to maim the Game Chicken and smuggle him away into durance so that he may not be able to put in an appearance, for on the appearance of this untried champion to meet the Young Ruffian on an appointed day depends his own ruin and the salvation from ruin of his enemy Sir John Dering. He issued his challenge, and Sir John, a good but rash sportsman, promptly took it up—the man who was at first to fight in his behalf has been permanently injured in an apparent accident, and he has no alternative but to forfeit the stakes and be reduced to beggary or to find at short notice another champion who can stand up to the redoubtable Young Ruffian. He finds a substitute in the Game Chicken, who has never yet proved his prowess, and Mr. Edgar keeps the reader triumphantly and keenly in suspense as to the issue until the fight is accomplished; and a more stirring description of a prize-fight has never been written. The destinies that hang on the result of this heroic combat invest it with far more than ordinary interest and significance. Mr. Edgar has caught the atmosphere of his period and the spirit of certain phases of its fashionable life with remarkable skill, and has given us an epic of the prize ring of a hundred years ago that is full of romance and yet wears a face of convincing reality. If this is, as we believe, a first novel, it is certainly one of the most brilliant first novels we have read for a long time.

Photo by Ernest Mills. **Mr. George Edgar.**

THE WOMAN BETWEEN. By Edmund Bosanquet. 6s. (Long).

We believe that Mr. Edmund Bosanquet made a hit with "A Society Mother," and the fate of "The Woman Between" is probably already decided. The new novel exhibits many of the same traits as were evident in its predecessor—the somewhat delicate nature of the main idea and the inoffensive manner of its treatment, allied with a brisk and readable style. In other respects, however, we fear that we do not consider it nearly equal to the earlier book. It is an unconvincing story, treated in a manner which is, to say the least, improbable, and it contains but one or two effectively drawn characters, while frankly we cannot believe in the heroine at all. In fact it is nothing more than a *feuilleton*, designed for the smart set. Regarded as such it is easy enough to read—even to enjoy mildly; but we had thought better of Mr. Bosanquet, and we are still sure that he can, an' he cares, do really good work. But he must not waste his gifts upon empty and machine-made situations.

THE RICH MAN'S WIFE. By Dick Donovan and E. Way Elkington. 6s. (Ham-Smith.)

"Imagine a perfectly lovely women, rich as Crœsus, with enough money on her back to keep you and me for a year. . . . and yet not loud, but simply beautifully formed, with a hand and arm that would break a sculptor's heart"—and there, in the words of its hero, you have the heroine of "A Rich Man's Wife." Perhaps she is not entirely a sympathetic heroine, for she does encourage the hero in spite of her marriage to the Rich Man, who is not such a bad fellow in his peculiar way. But at any rate she is comprehensible and natural, and she never does anything very wrong. The hero, in his turn, behaves remarkably badly to his devoted Connie, whom he loves with what he believes to be the better side of his nature—to discover later that he was mistaken in believing that affection and love are the same thing. There you have the tangle of

"The Rich Man's Wife," and you may be quite sure that two such deservedly popular authors as Messrs. Dick Donovan and E. Way Elkington keep things going briskly from the first page to the last of a very readable book.

YESTERDAY. By Anna Costantini. 6s. (Greening).

Viareggio is not a place which literary English people ever can ignore, and in this book we have a most convincing picture of the sort of life which the Italians lead there in the months of summer. A feature, in fact, of this novel is the authenticity with which the upper classes in that country are portrayed; and if we sometimes feel that the game is not worth the candle, that the Signora Costantini could apply her talents to a more deserving study than these intricate intrigues, yet we admit that she does it very well. The American heroine is the necessary foil, and if there is not the same variety as in "Ragna" with its beautiful Norwegian scenes, we notice many touches of realism, many vivid descriptions that make us hope that some day, when the authoress joins to her great knowledge of Italian life a greater—shall we say prettiness? her books will be as popular as those of Harland and Marion Crawford.

LADY Q. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

With such grim power is the note of overwhelming desolation sounded in the opening chapter of this carefully constructed novel that it haunts the reader through all the lighter passages and persists to the end. Picture a November dawn rising wet and grey over Docker's Marshes. "Monstrous heaps of slag and shard and red-rusty iron loom heavily through the nebulous fog-daylight, inexpressibly symbolical of the wreckage of human endeavour. Here and there an irrelevant canal slinks through the lone acres of dun-coloured bog-grass, and a few low-built factories with upstanding shafts fringe the River Lea, that grey ribbon border of London town." Here it is that fate brings together two women, one a flutter of rags, Anna Flavian, outcast, thief and blackmailer, the other the richly clad body of a suicide. To Anna good clothes mean a new lease of life. and she robs the dead woman of her costly raiment, placing her own rags on the corpse. A direct consequence of this ghastly theft is that it saddles Anna with the care of the suicide's child, and with this secret always in the background we watch her, cold, calculating, scheming, until eventually she becomes Lady Q. the wife of Sir Jeremy Quitchett. When it is mentioned that Sir Jeremy proves to be the father of the suicide, it will be seen that there is plenty of opportunity for big scenes. The shock he receives on learning that his daughter died apparently in rags all but kills him, his life being saved by the self-sacrifice of Anna, whose confession leads to her downfall. "Lady Q." is full of excellent character sketches. The author's pictures of the hard-working community at St. Dunstan's, Docker's Marshes, and of the Jewish household which harbours the suicide's child are vividly and sympathetically realised.

THE REVOLT. By Putnam Weale. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

There is a fine feeling for breadth, an outlook as from a mountain top in Mr. Weale's work. From the time when his hero, in early youth, listens to the endless pattering of the water-coolies' feet, and hears their never changing chant, to the day when countless soldiers in red trousers tramp past his window at Gambetta's funeral, we have the same sort of feeling that Addison had, when he contemplated in his vision, the long procession of humanity over the bridge of life. This detachment from the humming world is the keynote of the book. It colours all the hero's many introspective fancies. It gives a breezy, mental atmosphere which would be still more satisfying did not the author occasionally ascend too high, into mystical cloud regions where we do not breathe freely. The story is a conventional one, and the treatment is not far removed from the conventional. It is the dialogue, the suggestiveness of it, the far depths of soul to which it opens the door, that makes the book. We have seldom read dialogue so transparent.

THE SECOND WOMAN. By Norma Lorimer. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It is extremely inartistic to find a foot-note in a novel, referring the reader to a guide-book, after he has been enjoying a descriptive passage, and crediting the writer with observation and insight. Miss Lorimer should know better than this. Her account of the Palio at Siena did not require a foot-note. As a matter of fact, her Italian scenery is preferable to her psychology, and this is what spoils a novel of some charm and power. She makes her heroine quixotically resolve to leave her husband, when that youthful artist met anyone who was his affinity, but Laura unluckily leaves him before making sure that his affinity really cared for him, and the result is a tangled situation. If the grasp of character had been equal to the descriptive power in the story, it would have been quite a fresh romance.

THE NEW HUMPTY-DUMPTY. By Daniel Chaucer. 6s. (John Lane.)

The new Humpty-Dumpty is the young King of Galizia whose people have rebelled, set up a Republic and made it necessary for him and his mean, pompous old mother to escape out of it. They settle down in England, very much as a certain real King and his household are settled in exile amongst us at this time; and presently a little group of plotters is gathered about them scheming and intriguing to replace the dispossessed monarch on his throne. It is an amazing group, including an American millionaire, an English Lady and his Lordship, her dissipated husband, a fatuous chauffeur, a light-comedy actress, a Lady of lighter reputation still, a bumptious Cockney journalist and, for leader of them all, the Russian Count Macdonald—a wholly likeable and charming character, the one utter idealist and fine spirit in the sordid, self-seeking, shoddy company. The American millionaire helps to finance the adventure with a couple of millions on the understanding that he receives valuable mining concessions; the English Lady Aldington and her husband contribute to the treasury because they own profitable tin mines in the country that the Republic is governing; the Count who, under the tuition of the egregious Cockney journalist, Mr. Pett, has been an Anarchist and a Socialist and squandered his fortune for the good of those causes, has now taken up the King's cause on pure idealistic grounds and for no possible good to himself. Incidentally, he is hampered with a very jealous wife, the daughter of a London shopkeeper, a girl he had married in his Socialistic days; he is further hampered by the American millionaire's sentimental daughter falling in love with him, and by falling in love himself with the unhappily married Lady Aldington. Which opens the door to some biting satire on our divorce laws, as the whole story opens it to a satiric handling of modern methods of company promotion, and to an ironic presentation of the grotesque realities that underlie the outward glory and dignity of kingship. The characterisation is masterly, and the satire of the book, especially when it is concerned with the futile personality of the exiled King, or that of a certain degenerate Russian Grand Duke, or that of the great little Mr. Pett cuts home, but it is all done with so light and whimsical a touch that even when it is most biting it is irresistibly amusing. There is nothing cleverer or more entertaining among the new novels than this witty and brilliant story of how all the King's financiers, and motley hangers-on, and that one delightful idealist went to work to put Humpty Dumpty together again.

ROSE OF THE GARDEN. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Constable.)

No character in the eighteenth century lends herself more fascinatingly to the business of romance than the lovely Lady Sarah Lennox; and surely nobody could have fashioned a more charming story of her life than Miss Katharine Tynan has done in "Rose of the Garden."

Miss Tynan has entered very sympathetically into the individuality of her heroine and, with the assistance of some of Lady Sarah's own letters, sets before us a remarkably vivid and attractive picture of that unfortunate lady. We follow her career, that now sparkles with happiness and excitement, now descends into depths of melancholy, from the days of her bewitching youth to the golden prime of womanhood, when the sorrows and difficulties which so persistently beset her path are all falling away from her at last. The book has that elusive quality that we speak of as charm; it unfolds a glamorous and moving story skilfully, delicately, and with a deft narrative art that recreates the atmosphere of the long past and recaptures our interest in one of the most winsome women that Sir Joshua Reynolds's canvases helped to make famous.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LOWER DEPTHS. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the original Russian by Laurence Irving. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Grim, drab, sordid, squalid—you may call "The Lower Depths," all this and sometimes even worse; it could hardly picture the lower depths and be otherwise; but it holds your interest irresistibly and impresses you with a sense of its unexaggerated reality, its stark and terrible truthfulness. It is so baldly true that it takes no trouble to elaborate a plot; it uncovers a cellar for you, one of the commonest of Russian common lodging-houses, and shows you the outcast, almost dehumanised wretches who make their home in it, individualises them, reveals their inmost character with a wonderful vividness, and with a few subtle, illuminating touches brings out the stories of their strange and broken lives in the course of their desultory conversation. There is humour in the play—the sort of wry, grotesque humour that mostly has a hint of tears in it; there is the pathos that is inseparable from sickness and poverty, even when the poor are the veriest rascals, and perhaps the most dreadful thing in it is the lightness, the indifference with which these hopeless creatures speak of death and look upon the dead. Life is so cheap with them, it is so little worth having that none of them seem to be much troubled at the thought of losing it. These people are not creations, they are actual living men and women, and Gorky, by the magic of his genius, has simply transferred them from that unspeakable lodging-house to his pages. In the ordinary meaning of the word "The Lower Depths" is not a play; it is just a powerfully written, tragic thing that regards life from no moral but from a finely and profoundly humanitarian standpoint and is great literature because it is so greatly human. Mr. Laurence Irving's translation is an excellent piece of work that faithfully preserves the half barbaric spirit of its original.

Maxim Gorky.
From "The Lower Depths," by Maxim Gorky. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE CHURCH IN THE PAGES OF "PUNCH." By the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

In one of the shortest prefatory notes ever contributed by way of introductory blessing to another man's work, the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell describes this volume as "an extremely amusing and also an instructive book." Primarily it is, doubtless, intended to be entertaining, but incidentally the author touches upon many matters that have agitated men's minds during the lifetime of *Punch*, and is perhaps inclined occasionally to take the jester over seriously, especially in the later decades when he has been moved more by desire for drollery than inspired by purpose. In his early years *Punch* was rarely forgetful of the fact that a jest may be the feather to carry the shaft of satire, and he commonly wrote on serious matters with a serious purpose underlying his fun. He was a fellow of strong views, given to strong expression of them, and had a fierce feeling against Roman Catholics especially—one of the first secessions from his staff was in consequence of the way in which that feeling was expressed. But, as Mr. Duthie points out, the whirligig of time brought about its revenge, and before *Punch* had attained to middle age, "a Roman Catholic sat in the seat of the scornful—his own editor's chair." It is conceded that many of the abuses connected with the Church which *Punch* again and again made the objects of his satire or his fun have been reformed, that he has, on the whole, expressed the sense of the nation on given matters. Mr. Duthie has not sought to go through the long row of *Punch* volumes from 1841 to the present, and to give a chronological record of the pertinences and impertinences concerning Churchmen and Church matters, but has grouped typical jests and comments on particular subjects, such as "*Punch* and Ritualism," "*Punch* and the Bishops," "*Punch* and Dissent," "*Punch* and the Jews," and so forth, and has done so in a pleasant, genial fashion which suggests that the Church bears no malice for some of the asperities which *Punch* has at times uttered against some of her members.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND. By Ernest Ford. 5s. net. (Sampson Low.)

The distinguishing characteristic of this book is its broad common-sense. This quality it was, rather than any brilliant cunning of the baton, which gave its value to Mr. Ernest Ford's work as conductor of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and those who appreciated his enthusiasm in this capacity will be prepared to read with pleasure his plain, straightforward exposition of the main facts of English musical history, illuminated here by his fervent patriotism. In his modest preface the author disclaims any technical value for his work, and it is obviously not

written as a text-book. Probably he is right in thinking that it will be of interest mainly to the general reader in search of information on such subjects as "Music before and during the Reformation," "The Progress of Orchestral Music," "Musical Education in England," and "Distinguished Musicians of the Nineteenth Century," more especially as each of the ten chapters is made, by recapitulation, practically complete in itself. The last-named section is sure to prove attractive by reason of the personal anecdotes it contains of Sims Reeves, Lady Hallé, Sir Charles Hallé, and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Ford comments on the "interesting experiment Mr. Hammerstein is now making," with his usual soundness of view. He is of opinion that opera must be sung in English, and that the charges for admission must be moderate, before any operatic enterprise can hope for success. More than this, he says: "The thoughts of all Englishmen must necessarily turn to (the) native product," and hints that an opera from the pen of Sir Edward Elgar would arouse interest in the opera as a form of musical art. It might, were it a fact that the public as a whole understands the operatic idea. Unfortunately, this is not by any means the case; hence the necessity of any pioneer movement being constructed on educative lines. There is a remarkable omission in the book, inasmuch as no reference is made to the growth of the competitive musical meeting, which is, without doubt, one of the most useful and widespread influences in the direction of education in music at present at work in this country. At the end of his "General Survey" the author gives his considered judgment in the following words: "Although unable to take the roseate view of the position of native music in England that is often expressed . . . I think it will be generally agreed that there are many signs, at once indicative of hopefulness and, already, great and assured progress. England . . . may well be happy in the prospect of a noble art restored to her. In that firm faith I close these pages."

NIGHTS AT THE PLAY. By H. M. Walbrook. 5s. net. (W. J. Ham-Smith.)

Mr. Walbrook, we fear, is an incurable optimist. In a preface to a collection of theatrical notices which he has recently published under the title of "Nights at the Play," he tells us that his "book appears in a moment of renewed hope for the future of the British theatre." He has hopes for the future of the drama in the provinces based seemingly on the founding of local play-producing theatres, the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, Miss Horniman's repertory theatre at Manchester, and a house run on similar lines at Glasgow. And he seems to think that all must be well with London, since it has welcomed "The Theatre of Ideas"—whatever that theatre may be—the ideas being those, we gather, of such a heterogeneous crowd of dramatists as the respective authors of "Strife," "An Englishman's Home," "Nan," "Diana of Dobson's," "Hannele," "The Blue Bird," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In comment on this alleged generous "welcome" we should like to enquire: How many times were "Strife" and "Nan" played, and what amount of profit did they bring to the exchequer? To share Mr. Walbrook's optimism indeed, we should have to ignore the fact that the mass of the English theatre-going public never has had, and never seems likely to have, any taste for the drama as a means of intellectual or even histrionic expression—last season, for instance, the great successes have been won by a couple of Mr. Shaw's farces ("Man and Superman," and "Fanny's First Play") and two light musical plays ("The Quaker Girl," and "The Count of Luxembourg.") We should also need to forget sundry circumstances of topical interest, to wit that Miss Lena Ashwell is no longer in the list of play-producers; that a brilliant young dramatist like the author of "Irene Wycherley" has had to wait more than four years before being able to get his second play produced; that Mr. Charles Frohman seems now definitely to have abandoned his Repertory Theatre scheme; that in his latest comedy, Sir Arthur Pinero has given us a piece so technically old-fashioned as to contain two acts of exposition to one of drama; that the actor-manager was never in more complete command of the theatre than at present; that our two most accomplished actors—Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Willard—cannot afford the luxury of playing in London; and that our leading Shakespearean theatre is controlled by a player who is physically and temperamentally unequal to playing tragic or even romantic rôles. We commend these signs of the "progress" of theatrical art in London to the attention of Mr. Walbrook, assuring him, meantime, that we have read his theatrical notices with considerable interest, and that finding ourselves in agreement with most of what he says, we feel bound to hail him as a sensible and discerning master of his craft.

SOME OLD ENGLISH WORTHIES. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Dorothy Senior. 10s. 6d. net. (Swift.)

The old English "worthies" dealt with in this volume are Thomas of Reading, George a Green, Roger Bacon, and Friar Rush. They are, of course, familiar enough to students of Early English legendary lore, but they are here presented in a form which should introduce them to a far wider public than has hitherto had access to them. The editor of the volume, in her admirable introduction, points out that, though here and there it has been necessary to alter the phraseology and orthography, she has endeavoured to adhere to the spirit of the originals. In this she has been wholly successful. "Thomas of Reading" is taken from a copy of the edition of 1632 printed in London by Eliz. Allde for Robert Bird. The legend deals with "The Six Worthy Husbands of the West," so-called by Henry I., who were among the nine most famous clothmakers of their day. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and other well-known figures, appear in "George a Green" the pindar, or pound-keeper, of Wakefield. "The Legend of Friar Bacon" is perhaps the best known of the four, and is from a chapbook dated 1661. The fourth story gives "The History of Friar Rush," an entertaining legend with a moral. All the narratives are full of curious and interesting lore, and their readers will be grateful to the editor for the copious explanatory notes she has appended. The book has been tastefully bound, and the type is good.

A PSYCHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Amanda T. Jones. 4s. 6d. net. (William Rider & Son, Ltd.)

The "Realm of Pysche" is one of many enchantments, and not a little illusion. Folly and vanity run riot in certain quarters of it, and there is much winnowing to be done. But one can deal with the present work without qualms. Miss Amanda Jones, the well-known American poetess, tells the story of her long and remarkable life in a keen, vivacious style, and her account of the many instances of spiritual interposition and guidance in her career have too many parallels in modern literature to make them seem intrinsically improbable. The book is fortified by an introduction by Professor James H. Hyslop, distinguished in pyschical science, who testifies to the strength and value of the narrative. Quite apart from the psychical phenomena of which the book treats (and which are not for all readers) we found in Miss Jones's record much of general interest on the human side, as dealing with the views and experiences of an American woman of cultivated and alert mind, with a wide and mature outlook on life. Those who are interested in feminine movements will find congenial reading in Miss Jones's account of the career of the "Women's Company for Working Women, started by a Woman." Men crept in by craft and guile, however, and the Company was "whirled away."

STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS. By William Sharp. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

These essays, all of which deal with literary subjects, show William Sharp in the guise in which he was best known before his identity with the mysterious Celtic poetess was revealed—as the conscientious and satisfactory editor of

the Canterbury Poets. Some of them appeared as introductions in that or other series, and suffer from the limitation imposed by their original destination; the papers, for instance, on the sonnet and on great odes, which one would have thought it scarcely worth while to reprint apart from their contexts, so clearly are they intended to tickle the palate of the reader as yet ignorant even of the best of English poetry. Others, however, which are equally informative, fully justify their inclusion; for they deal with matters on which many people will be glad of instruction, such as "The Heroic and Legendary Literature of Brittany," modern Italian poetry, and the Felibrige. Nor must it be supposed that because these essays are full of facts they are therefore devoid of the virtues of criticism. The book has been given for a motto some words of Sharp's own: "When I speak of Criticism I have in mind not merely the more or less deft use of commentary or indication, but one of the several ways of literature, and in itself a rare and fine art: the marriage of science that knows and of spirit that discerns. The basis of criticism is imagination, its spiritual quality is simplicity, its intellectual distinction is balance." Good words, which Sharp strove, not altogether unsuccessfully, to live up to. He was no Pater, nor even an Arthur Symons or a Lionel Johnson, but he had a sane and observant outlook, and his paper on Sainte-Beuve illustrates the clearness and soundness of his views of the critic's function. That paper is one of the best here printed. It is an admirable gift in an essayist, and more especially in an editor, that he should be able to interest at once those who know and those who do not know the subject in hand. Sharp had this gift, as the essay on Sainte-Beuve and others amply demonstrate. His account of the Felibrige, for instance, is excellent whether read as criticism or as history, and admirable for its avoidance of over-enthusiasm. One feels occasionally in reading these pages that Sharp, like other modern critics, was rather prone to think too much of contemporary stuff which time would prove ephemeral. But it is a more gracious failing than the carping of the *laudator temporis acti*, nor was it Sharp's in any marked degree. His knowledge of southern literatures seems to have been extensive. His essay on D'Annunzio is good, though he shows the Englishman's characteristic timid fascination before that exotic genius. The translations from Breton popular songs are well done, interesting in themselves and interesting as being the only place in "Studies and Appreciations" where the author's Celtic proclivities come into prominence.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIES. Second Series. By George W. Smalley. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

In Victor Hugo's diary for 1866 there is a note that Mr. Smalley of the New York Tribune came to Guernsey from America especially to see the poet. The interview must have been somewhat remarkable, for Hugo goes on to say, "Mr. Smalley does not speak a word of French, and I not a word of English." Perhaps this was the beginning of Mr. Smalley's study of the leading personalities of our time. Half a century of first-rate journalistic work has made him a charming and illuminating observer of the characters and actions of the captains of modern civilisation. On the title page of his new volume of "Anglo-American Memories," he cites Machiavelli's saying: "Among all my possessions I have found none I prize so much as the knowledge of the actions of great men." The fact is the author is an agent of that American spirit of curiosity in regard to the chief characters in European affairs, which is a connecting force of some importance between the old world and the new. On the whole, the people of the Mother Country of the Anglo-Saxon races must feel grateful to him for the kindly sympathetic insight he has displayed in their affairs; for he has put before his readers in New York a very friendly and very interesting series of studies of the leading personages in our social and political life. On one occasion, indeed, he was able to render to our country a political service of high value. Our Ambassador at Washington, Lord Pauncefote, got into serious trouble with the American public. A semi-official despatch from Berlin, in 1902, accused him of having initiated, during the Spanish-American war, a plan of European intervention vehemently hostile to the United States. The despatch went on to suggest that it was only through the energetic action of the German Emperor that the scheme of Lord Pauncefote had been defeated. Mr. Smalley saw President Roosevelt, and obtained permission to state publicly that the President himself had declared that the Berlin story was, on his own knowledge, false. The result was that the German Ambassador, Baron Holleben, in whose name the accusation had been made, was discredited. The worry of the affair killed Lord Pauncefote, and President Roosevelt broke all etiquette by attending the funeral service of the British Ambassador, and lining the road along which the burial procession passed with fifteen hundred American troops. No foreign journalist has, out of simple loving friendship for our country, done what Mr. Smalley did in the Pauncefote-Holleben intrigue. But then Mr. Smalley is not a foreigner; he is a kinsman. A great ambassador of journalism, he has worked well and long to establish and maintain a fraternal relationship between Great Britain and the United States. In order to understand our country, he has become intimately acquainted with the best minds and strongest characters of our age; and though he has not kept a journal and seldom taken a note, his portraits of our politicians, soldiers, society leaders, actors and men of letters are wonderfully vivid and uncommonly entertaining. His book abounds in good stories and keen touches of characterisation. And what gives a piquancy to his biographical studies is the fact that they deal mainly with persons still in active life: there is no flattery or sharpness, but a kind and yet shrewd appreciation of character that makes the work the most readable and interesting set of biographical essays that has appeared for some years.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Three first-rate sensational stories that Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have added to their new list of sound, readable fiction are **Rogues in Arcady**, by Sir William Magnay; **A Son of the Immortals**, by Louis Tracy; and **The Missing Miss Randolph**, by Marie Connor Leighton (6s. each). There is adventure and mystery, and a stirring love romance in each one of them, and we strongly recommend them to readers who, when they sit down to a work of fiction, want to be recreated by a rattling good tale. A rattling good tale, too, with humour in it, as well as love and adventure, is **Private Selby**, by Edgar Wallace (6s.), and the story of Dick Selby and the delightful Brown Lady makes as charming and clever a book as any Mr. Wallace has given us—which is saying a great deal for it, but not a word too much.

MR. B. H. BLACKWELL.

The Making of Oxford, by Rhoda Murray (1s. net), is a popular history of the city of Oxford, as distinct from the University. It is a picturesque, admirably written story, and of necessity touches also on the life of the University where it is inseparable from the life of the city itself. The more or less traditional records of early Oxford are full of interest; but it was in the middle ages that both city and University reached a

Portionists' Hall.

Holywell Manor House.

fulness and vigour and variety of experience that it has been long in surpassing. With very little change mediæval Oxford lasted, indeed, as Miss Murray says, till nearly the end of the eighteenth century, and for some six hundred years the city was striving against the dominance of the University, to which its mayors again and again refused to take the oath of allegiance,